

LEGION OF
SUPER-HEROES

32
AUG 92

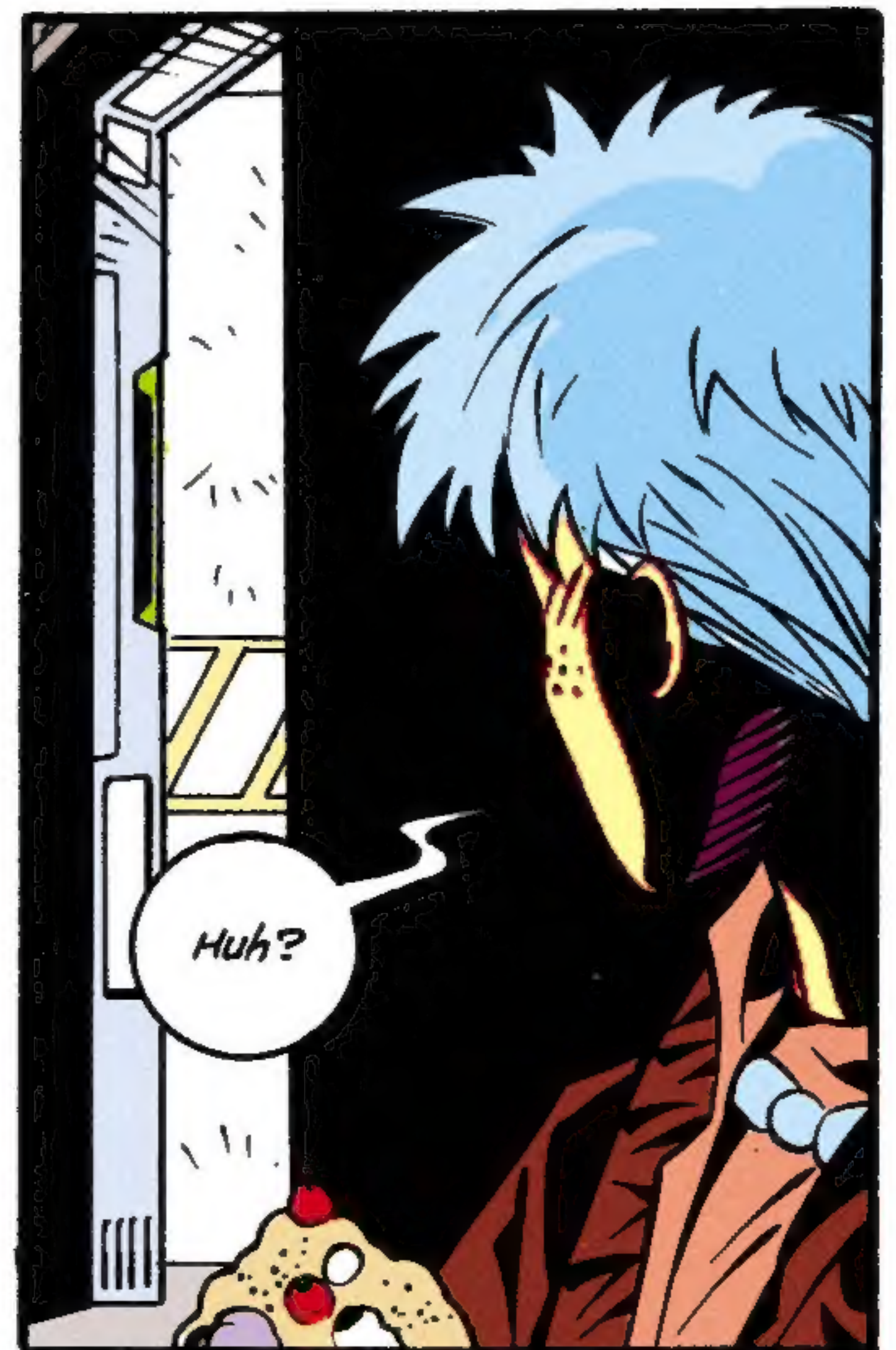
TRAGEDY STRIKES THE LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES

GIFFEN
T & M
BIERBAUM
PEARSON
STORY
GORDON

SP
STORY

THE FIRST TO FALL!

LEGION HEADQUARTERS, TALUS...



**Confidential Investigation:
The Whereabouts of
R.J. Brande**

After extensive checking and cross-checking it appears a number of supposed sightings of the wealthy industrialist and founder of the Legion of Super-Heroes cannot be substantiated. The most promising leads would suggest

know you'll make me proud of you, Reep. You always have.
Your loving father,
R.J. Brande
P.S. Please don't try to locate me. An old man needs his privacy, you know!



METROPOLIS...

AND IMRA SAYS
ELEMENT LAD IS TALKING
NOW... REALLY TALKING...

...REQUEST THE
PERMISSION...

OH,
YEAH
?

YEAH,
FOR THE
FIRST TIME
EVER.

...REQUEST-
ING: THIS IS
THAT YER
SIRE...

HE'S
FINALLY
OPENING UP
ABOUT EVERY-
THING HE'S
GONE
THROUGH...

...WE ARE
TRANSMITTING
FROM A SECRET
TUNNEL BENEATH
THE CHAMBERS...

...REQUEST ASSISTANCE TO
ESCAPE THE CHAMBERS...

...HAVE SUSTAINED
MULTIPLE DOMINION
ATTACKS...

...I MEAN,
NOW THAT
BRAINY'S
GOT OUR
FLIGHT
RINGS
WORKING...

EXACTLY.
WE COULD
JOIN UP WITH
MR. FOCCART IN
AFRICA IN
MINUTES.

DEVLIN,
WE'VE
BEEN
OVER
THAT!

I MEAN,
GIVE ME
ONE
SHRED OF
PROOF
THAT FOCCART
ISN'T WORKING
FOR THE DARK
CIRCLE--

--JUST LIKE
UNIVERSO.

SO NOW
YOU'RE
CALLIN'
MISTER
FOCCART A
TRAITOR
?!

I'M SORRY,
MR. NORG,
BUT THAT'S
PREPOS-
TEROUS!

UH,
LEGIONNAIRES
?

IF I MIGHT
INTERRUPT
YOUR SPARRING,
I BELIEVE
I HAVE SOME-
THING THAT WILL
INTEREST YOU.



I WILL NOW
REPEAT THE
MESSAGE...

REPEATING:
THIS IS
"CHAMBER
FIRE"...



WE ARE
TRANSMITTING
FROM A SECRET
TUNNEL
BENEATH THE
CHAMBERS...



CHAMBER FIRE, WE'RE
RECEIVING YOU!

QUICKLY, WHAT IS
YOUR STATUS,
CHAMBER FIRE?



I'M TRANSMITTING
FROM A TUNNEL THE
DOMINATORS
FOUND.

THEY
NEGLECTED
TO EXTEND
THEIR JAMMING
FIELD TO
ENCOMPASS IT...



...THE TUNNEL
APPEARS TO
LEAD UP TO THE
RYE DISTRICT...

...AND WE MIGHT
JUST BE ABLE TO
USE IT FOR OUR
ESCAPE...



HMMM...
I RATHER
THINK NOT,
RON-KARR.

THE
DOMINATORS
DO TEND TO
GUARD WHAT
THEY KNOW
ABOUT.



THEN COME ON.
WE'LL SIMPLY
ELIMINATE
THOSE
GUARDS.

AND HOW
MANY LIVES
WOULD THAT
COST, TROY?



WITH THE POWERS
AT OUR DISPOSAL,
CAN WE NOT
THINK OF A
MORE SKILLFUL
WAY?

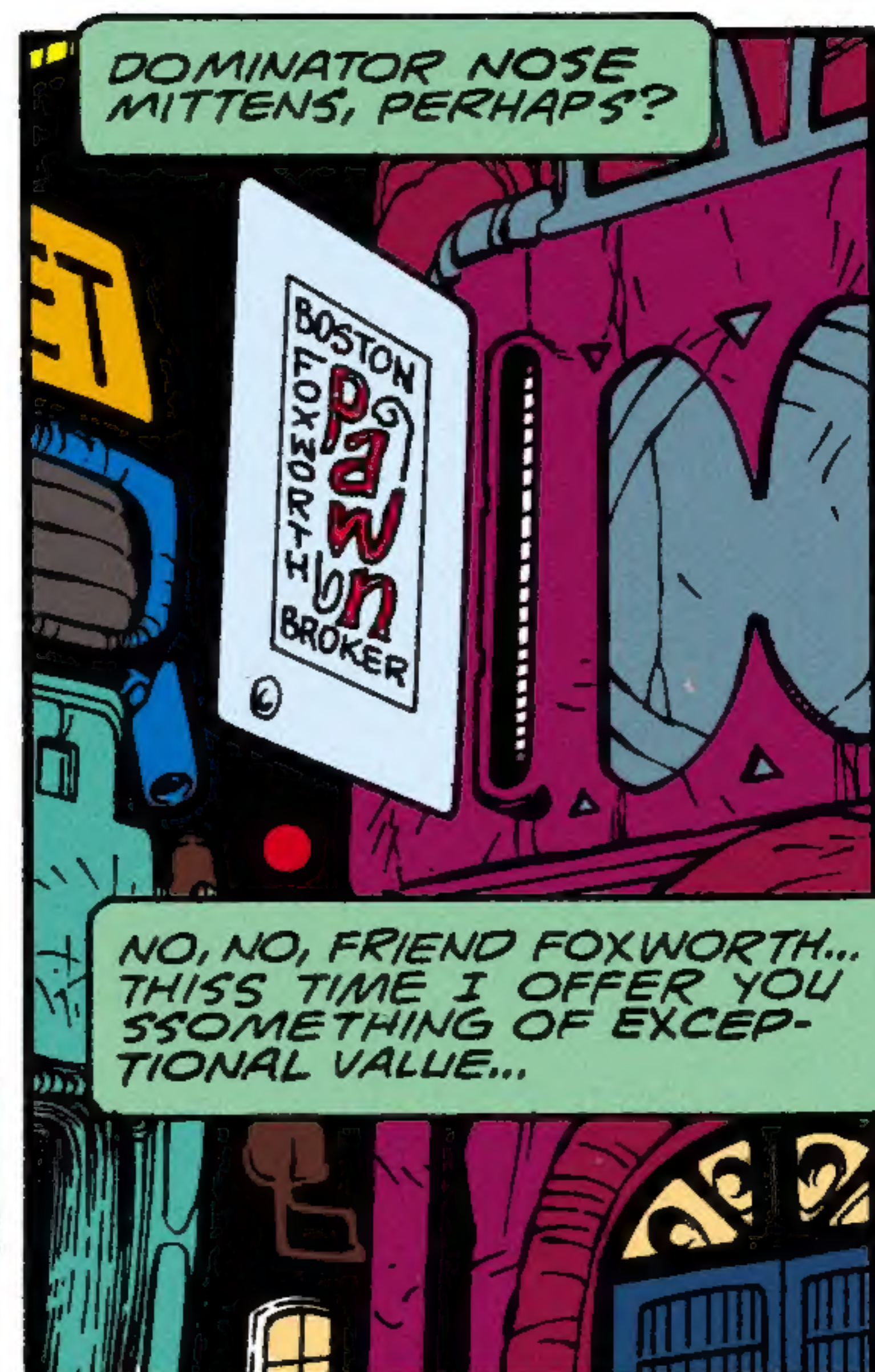


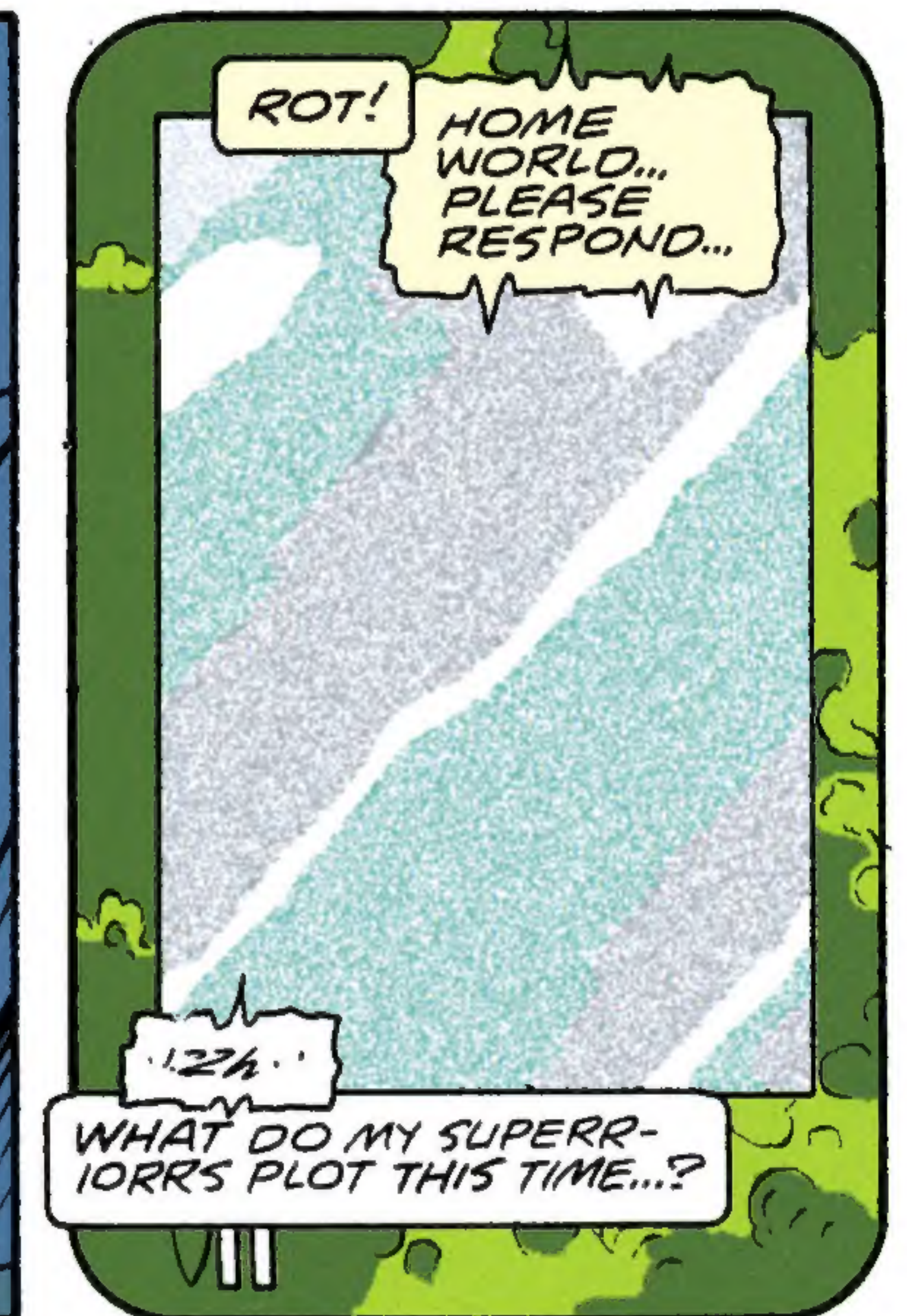
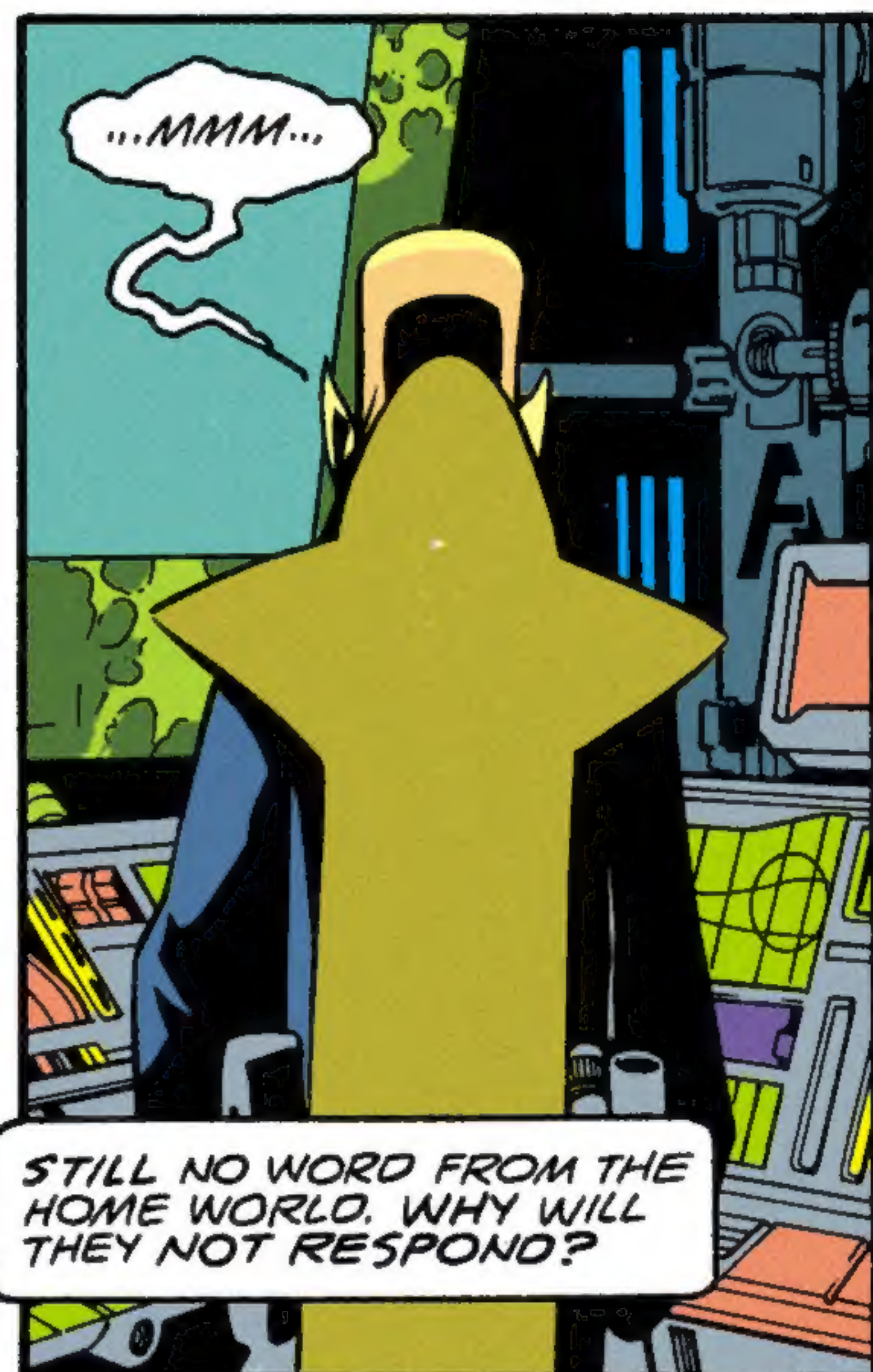
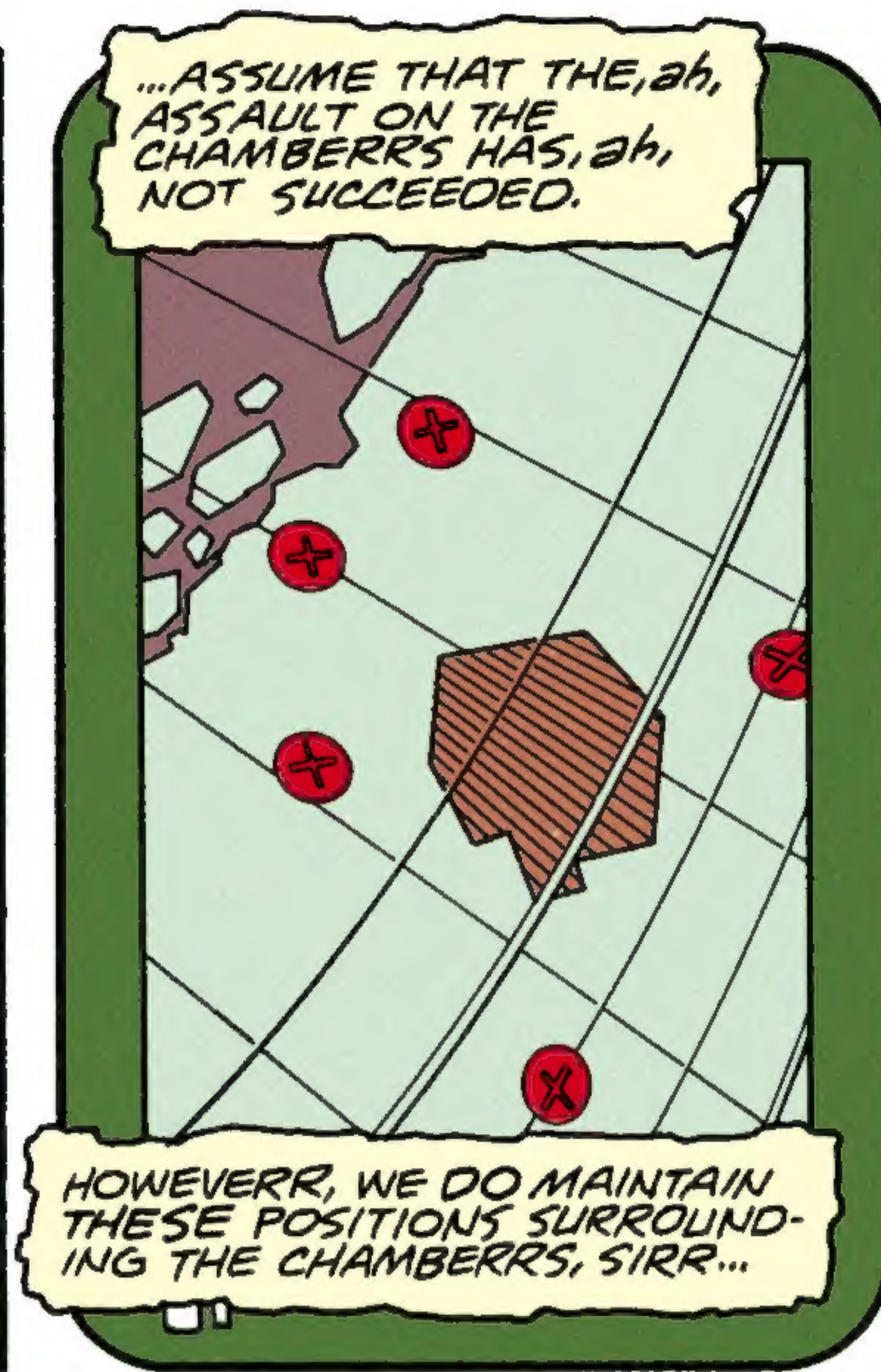
EXCUSE ME,
MISTER
FOCCART? MISTER
RON-KARR?

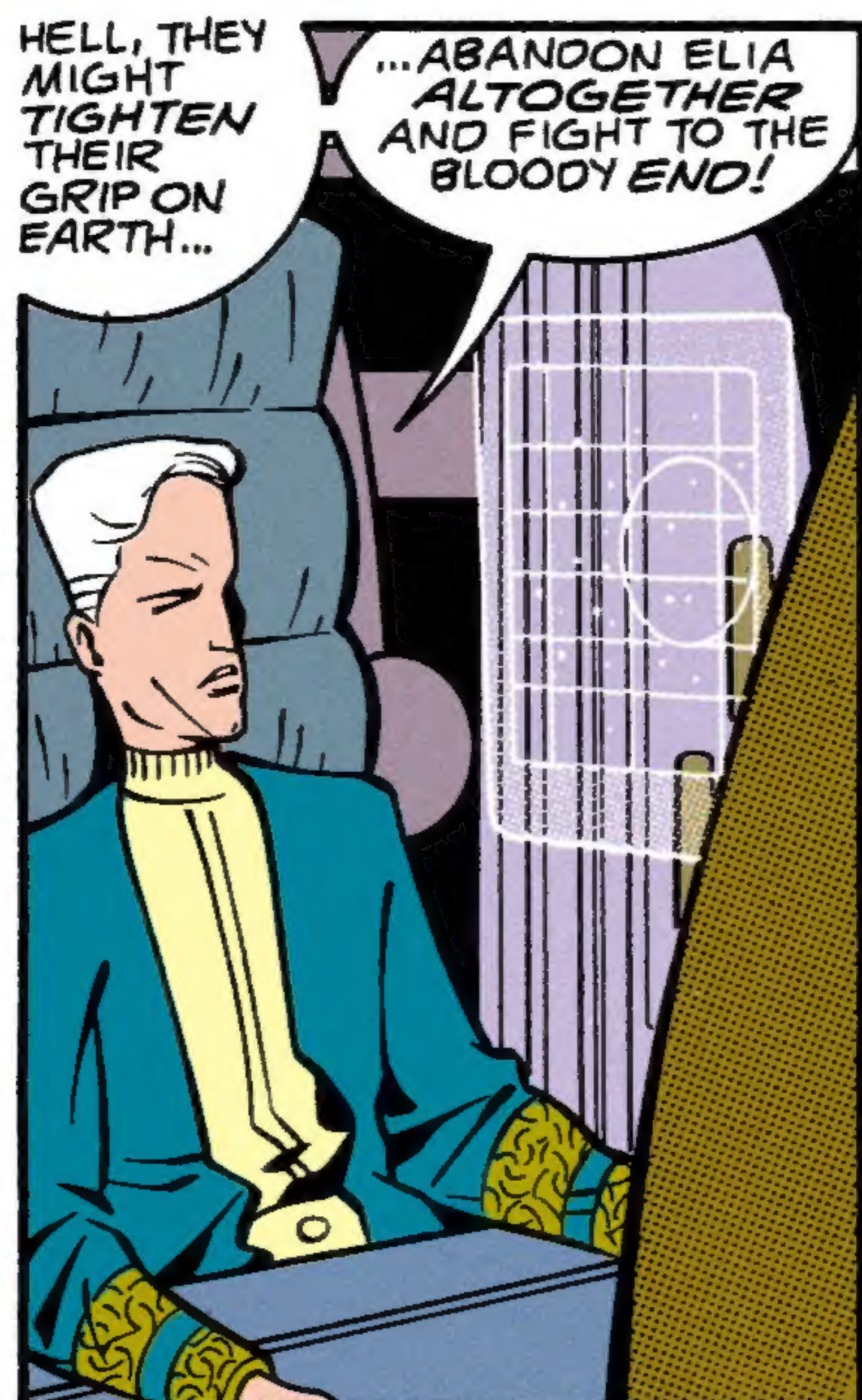
SACRE--!

PERHAPS I CAN
BE OF SOME
HELP HERE?

TOONAR...







EARTH...

I MISS IT. I
DO MISS IT.

TIMES LIKE THESE...
THE MOON USED TO
OFFER SOME SORT
OF... OF...

...PECULIAR
COMFORT?...

...BUT NEVERMORE...

...NEVERMORE...

...LEAVING THE
STARS ALONE...
TO FEEL SO
COLD... SO...

...GODLESS...

FORGIVE US, LORD, FOR
TAMPERING WITH THE
SACRED ORDER OF
THE HEAVENS.

FORGIVE US,
INDEED.

UNIVERSO!

UNIVERSO,
HAVE YOU
HEARD THE
NEWS?!

DO NOT
SOUND SO
JUBILANT,
MY FRIEND.

FOR THE
DOMINOS
WE NOW
WATCH
TUMBLE...

...THEY
COULD
CRUSH
US
ALL.

ARE YOU
KIDDING?!

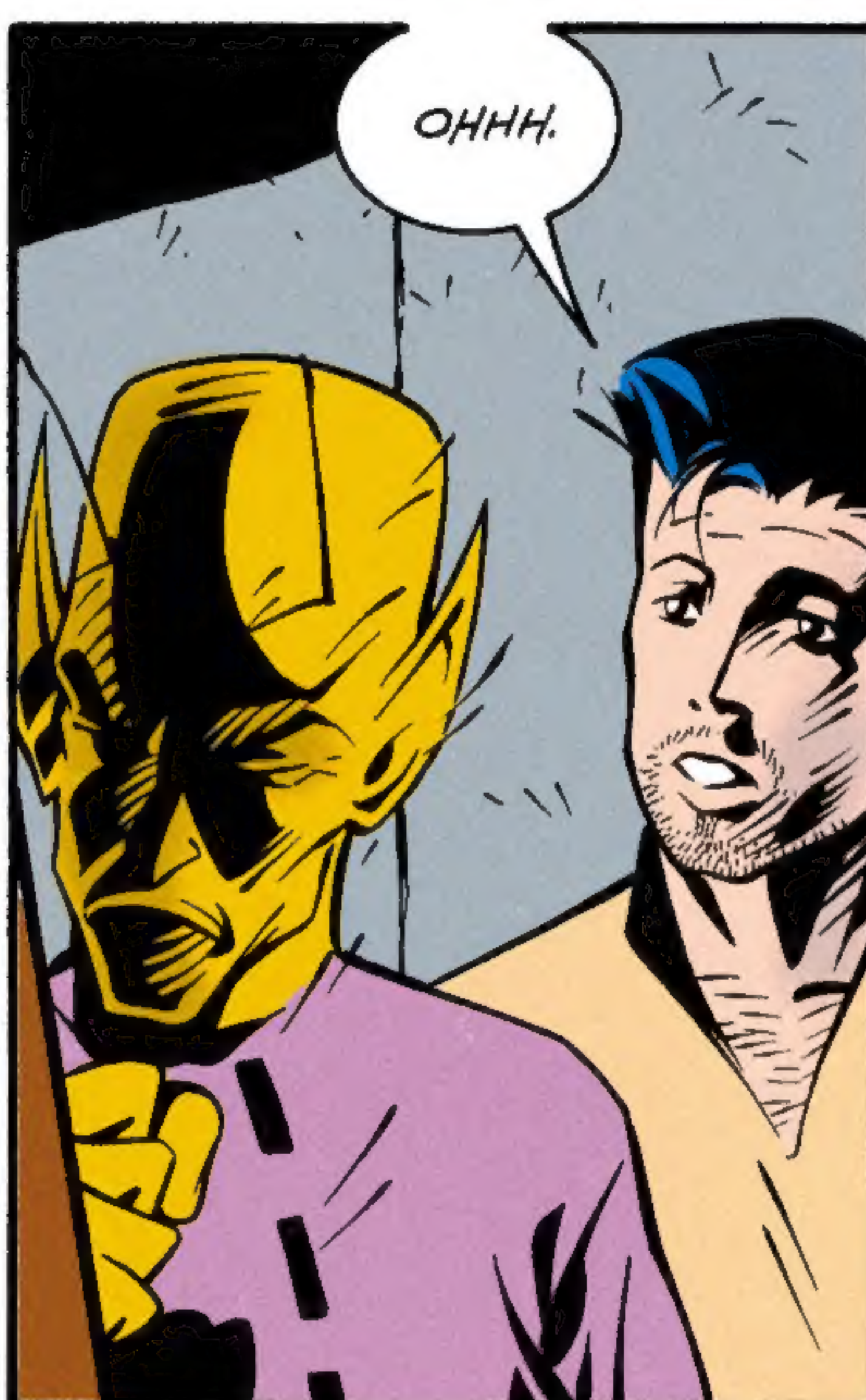
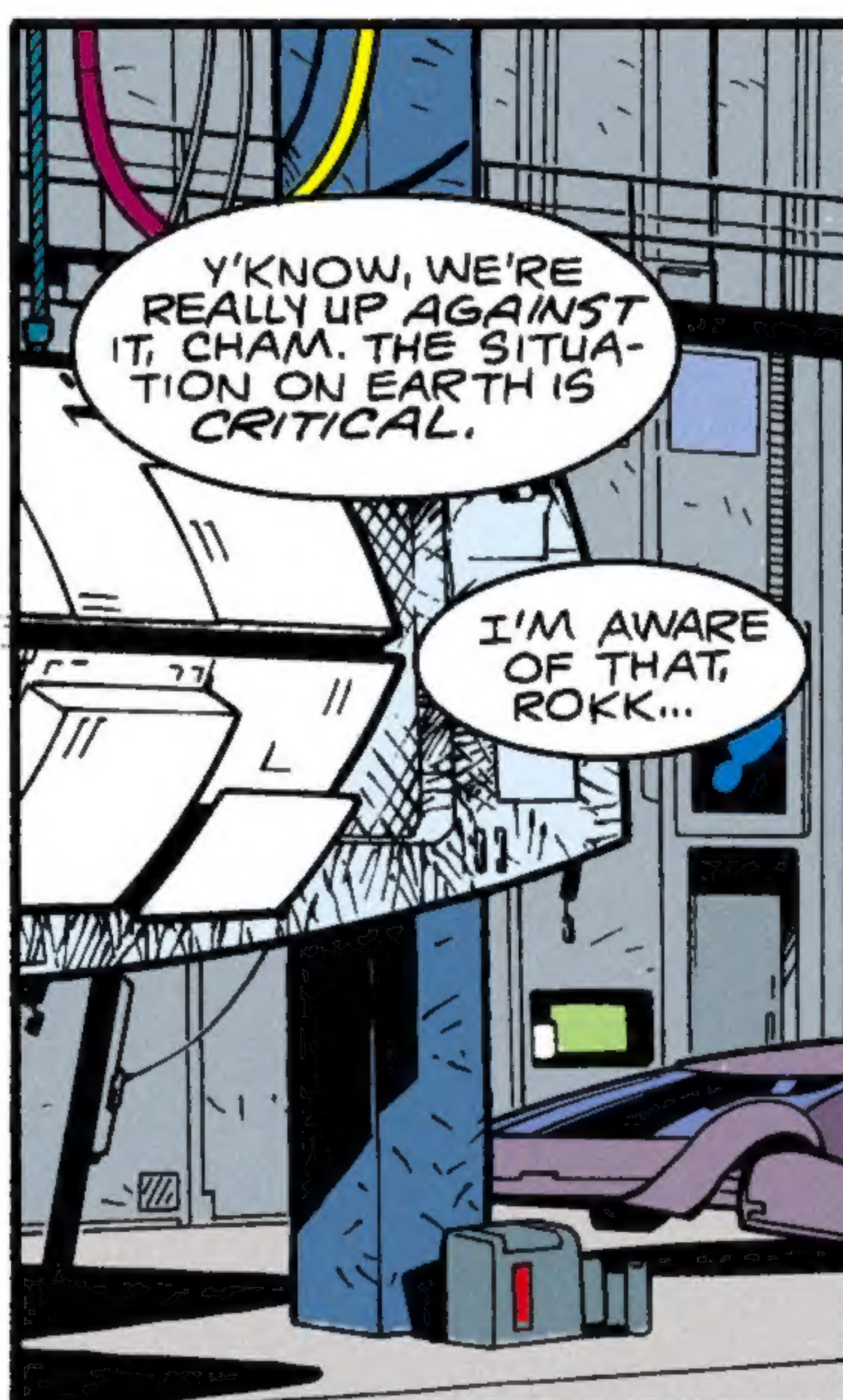
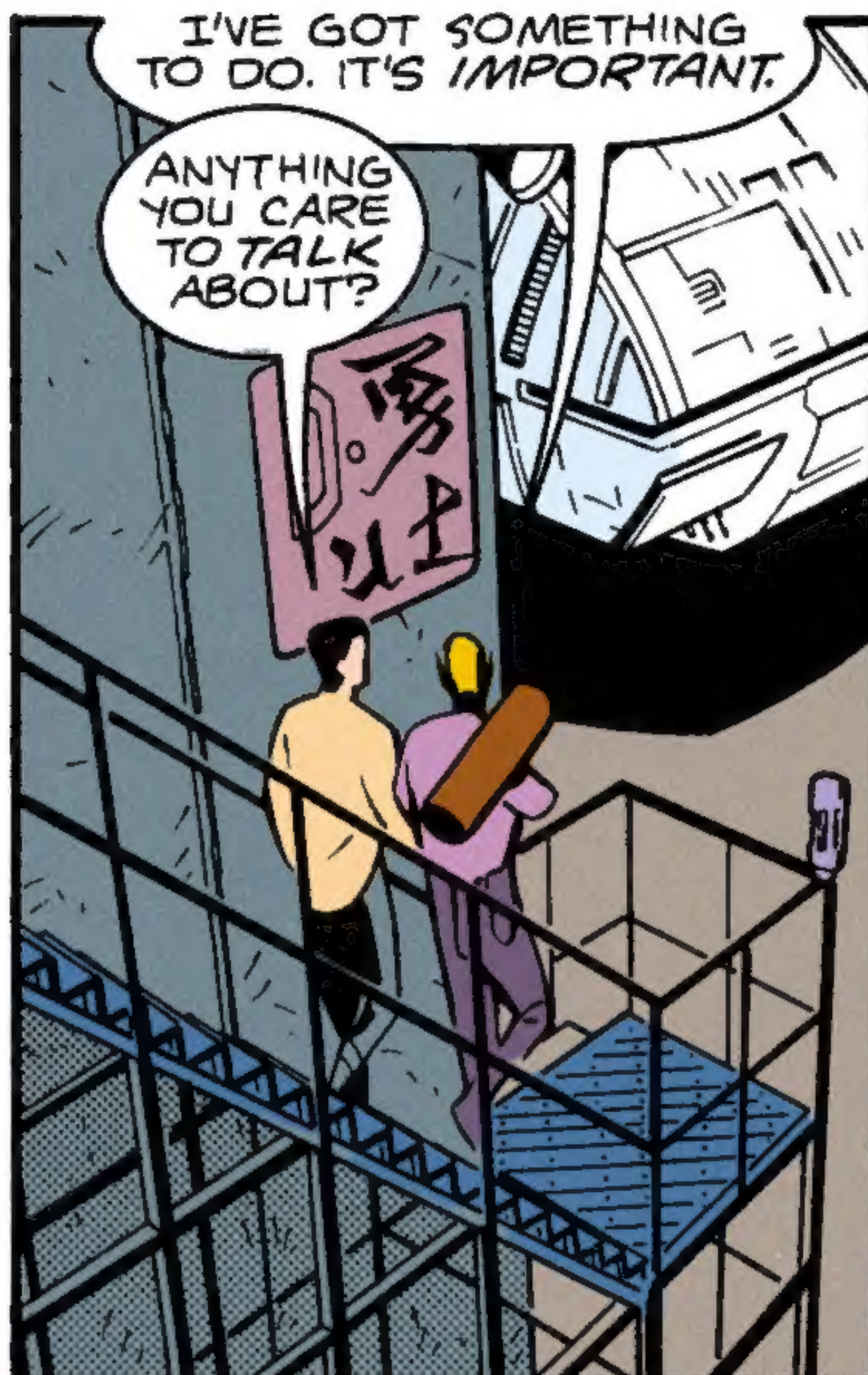
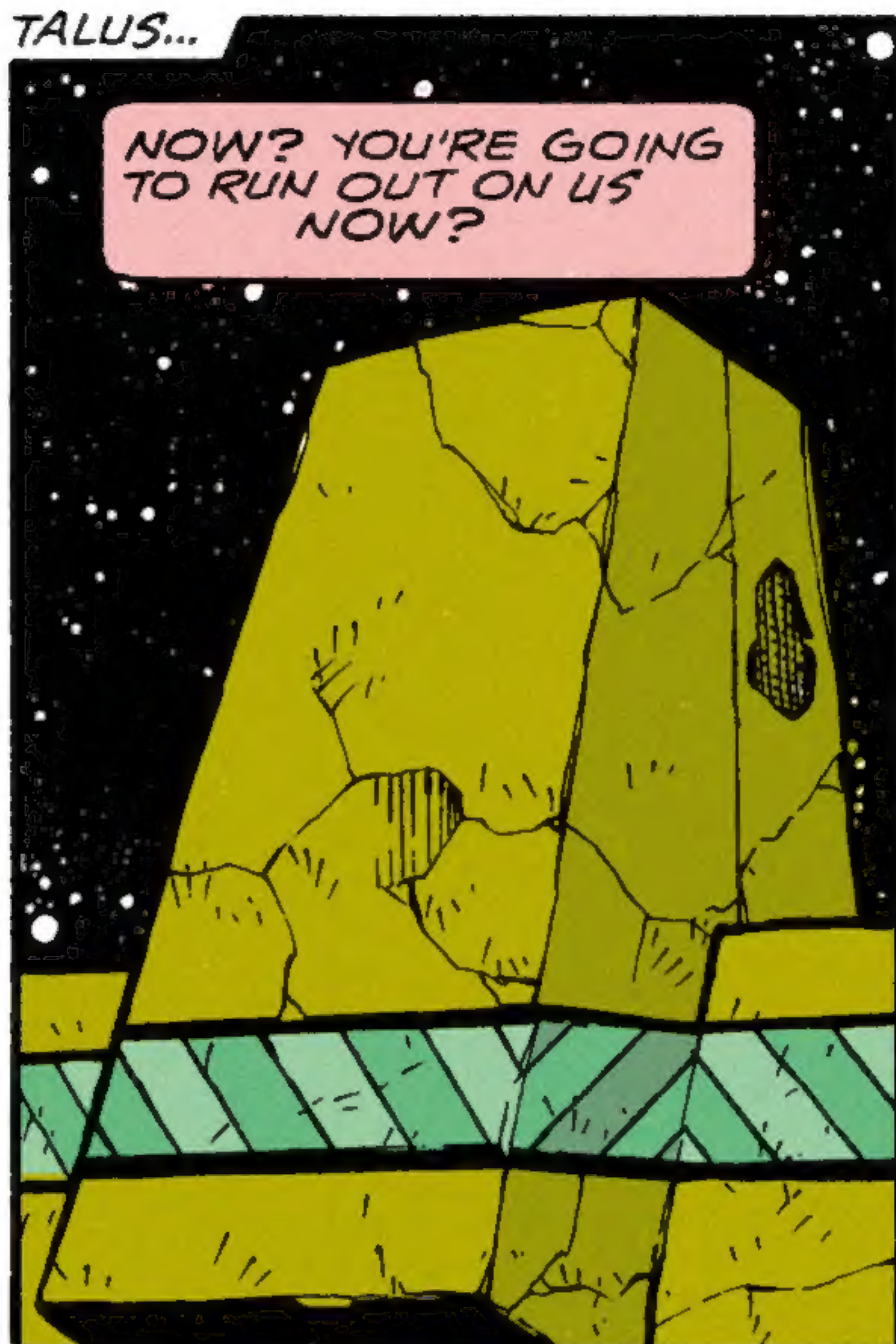
THE ENTIRE
DOMINION IS
ON THE ROPES,
MAN! ELIA IS
BEING OVER-
RUN AS WE
SPEAK!

FINALLY!
THE GALAXY
WILL BE RID
OF THEIR
CANCER!

YES! AND
TO BE
REPLACED BY
WHAT?

FRANKLY,
MY FRIEND, I
PREFER TO
DEAL WITH
THE SATAN
I KNOW.

TALUS...



EARTH, FAR BELOW
METROPOLIS...

LEAVE THEM
BEHIND, YOU
SAY?

LEAVE ALL THESE POWERFUL
SPECIMENS BEHIND?!

NO!
ALLOW
THAT I
WILL
NOT!

DOMINION
WEAPONRY
ARE THE
BEINGS IN
THOSE
PODS!

AND LEAVE THEM
BEHIND WE
WILL NOT!

GRINN
--THEY
SSAY!

THAT'S
FINAL, AND
THAT'S AN
ORDER!

OH, SEE
I DO!

AND
WHAT IF
THIS ONE
CHOOSES
YOUR
ORDERS
TO DIS-
OBEY?

THEN "THIS
ONE" TO ME
WILL
ANSWER.

HEY--
BUT, STAQ,
WHAT ABOUT
DIRK?

WE
CAN'T
JUST
LEAVE
HIM
HERE!

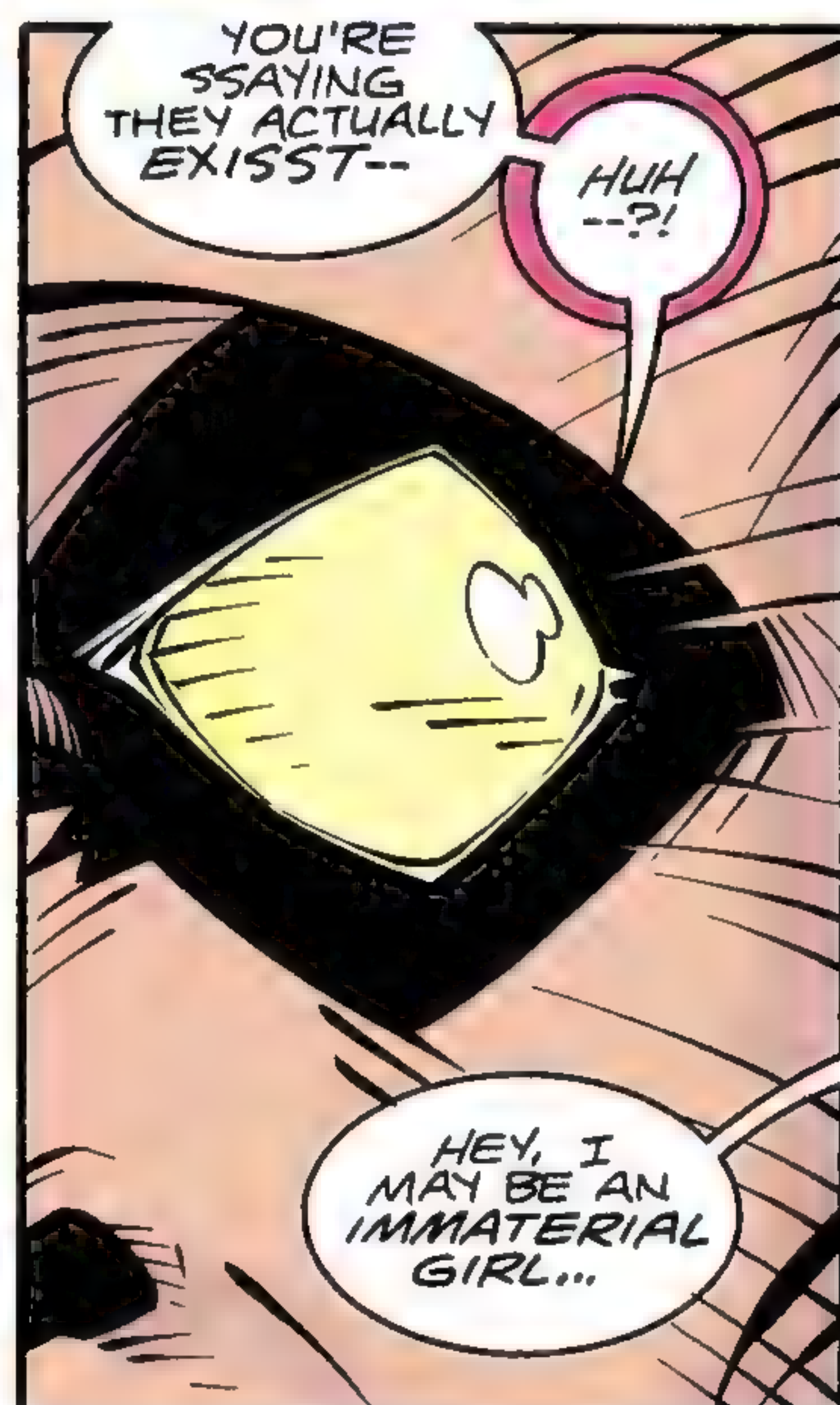
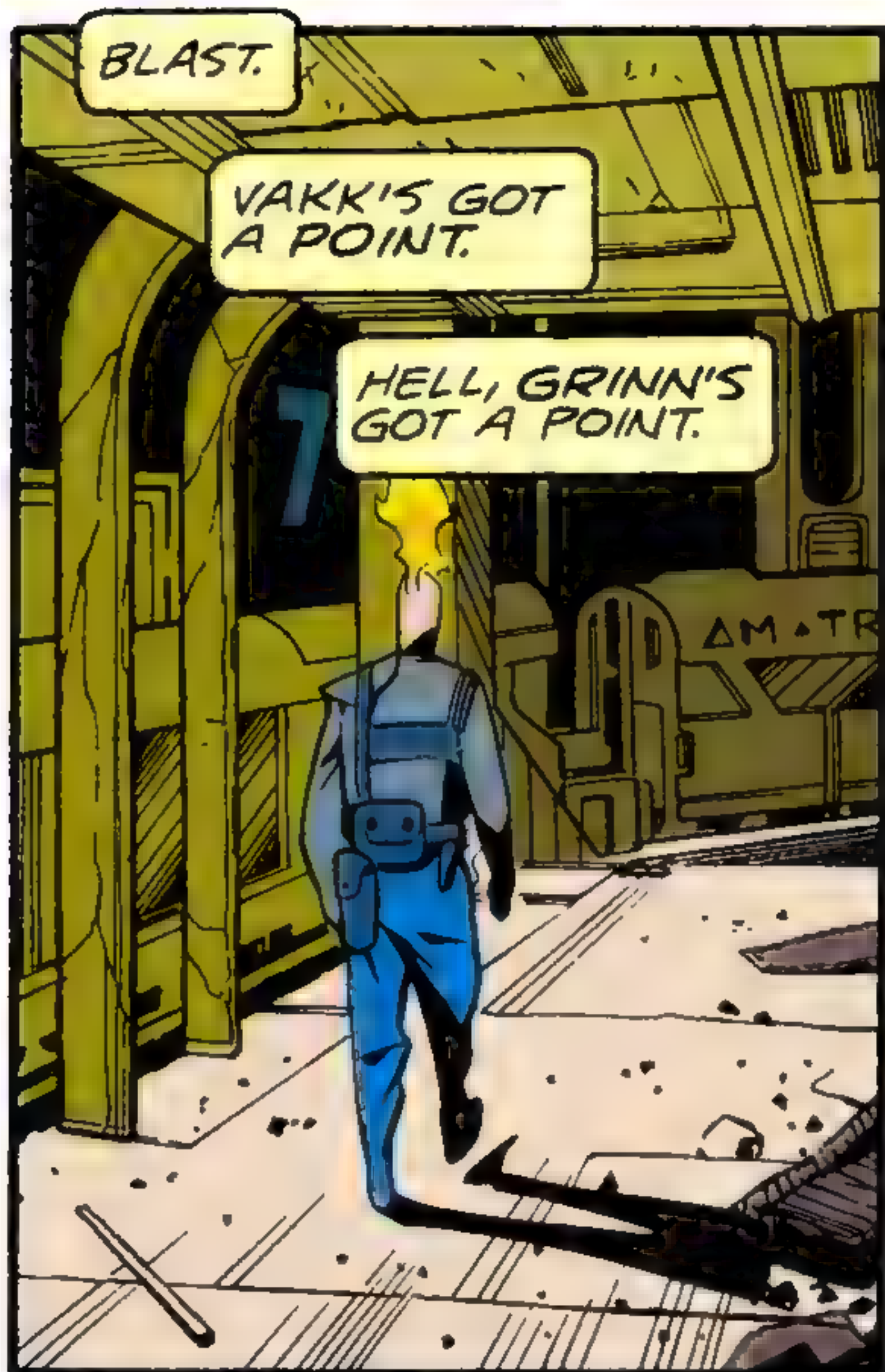
VAKK, WE
DON'T EVEN
KNOW HISS
CONDITION...

WE
HAVE NO
IDEA IF HE
COULD EVEN
SSURVIVE OUT
OF HISS POD.

YEAH, BUT
GEEZ, ANYTHING'S
BETTER THAN--

VAKK, I'M
REALLY
SSORRY...

BUT RIGHT
NOW, WE HAVE
TO FOCUS ON OTHER
CONCERNSS.



AFRICA...



YES, DEFINITELY. I AM GOING TO DO IT!

I'M THE LEADER, DAMN IT. I CAN DO IT IF I WANT TO.



WELL, BIG GUY, WE'RE ON OUR WAY. WISH US LUCK.

PETER, I HAVE DECIDED TO COME WITH YOU.



HUH?

NO!

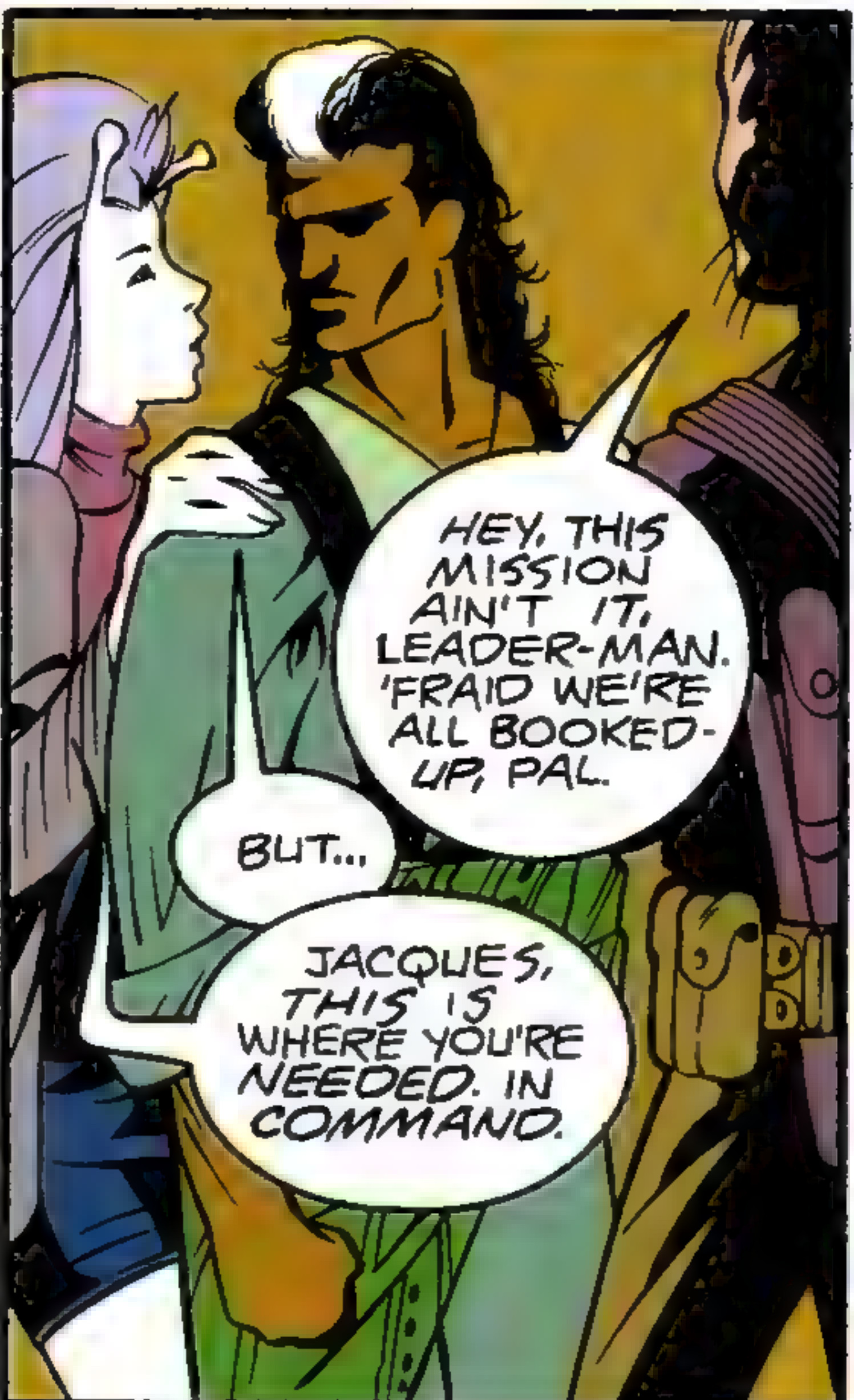
TROY, IT IS MY DECISION TO MAKE...

...AND I AM TIRED OF FEELING USELESS.



OH, JACQUES, NOT THIS AGAIN! YOU PROMISED!

I KNOW, DRURA, BUT I HAVE TO BE WHERE I'M NEEDED.



HEY, THIS MISSION AIN'T IT, LEADER-MAN. 'FRAID WE'RE ALL BOOKED-UP, PAL.

BUT...

JACQUES, THIS IS WHERE YOU'RE NEEDED. IN COMMAND.



WELL, IF YOU ARE ALL GOING TO GANG UP ON ME...

...I GUESS I HAVE NO CHOICE.



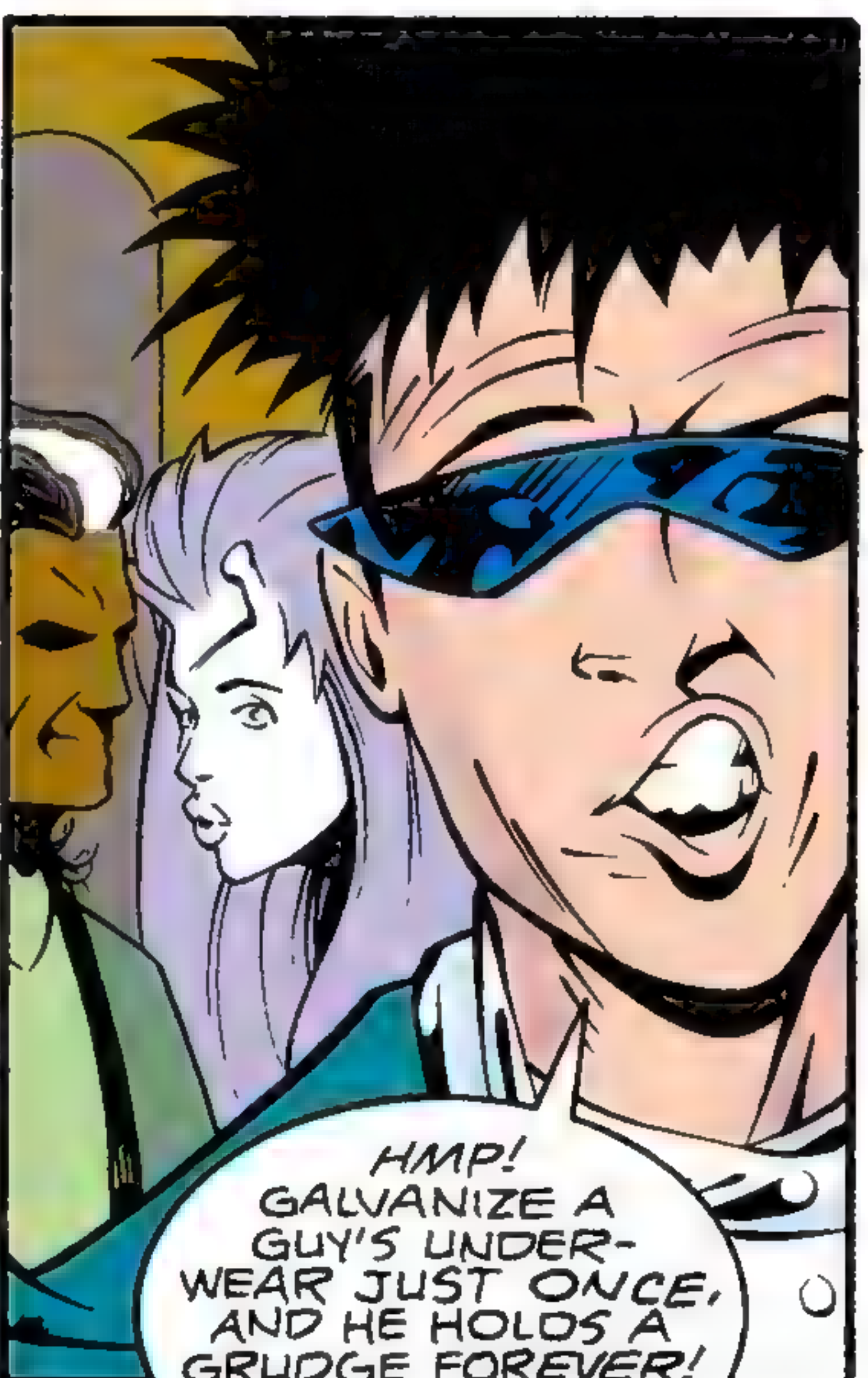
YEAH, 'N' HEY, NO SWEAT, WITH TYROC'S SONIC POWERS, WHAT COULD GO WRONG?

ANY TROUBLE COMES UP, HE'LL JUST YODEL HIS WAY OUT OF IT!

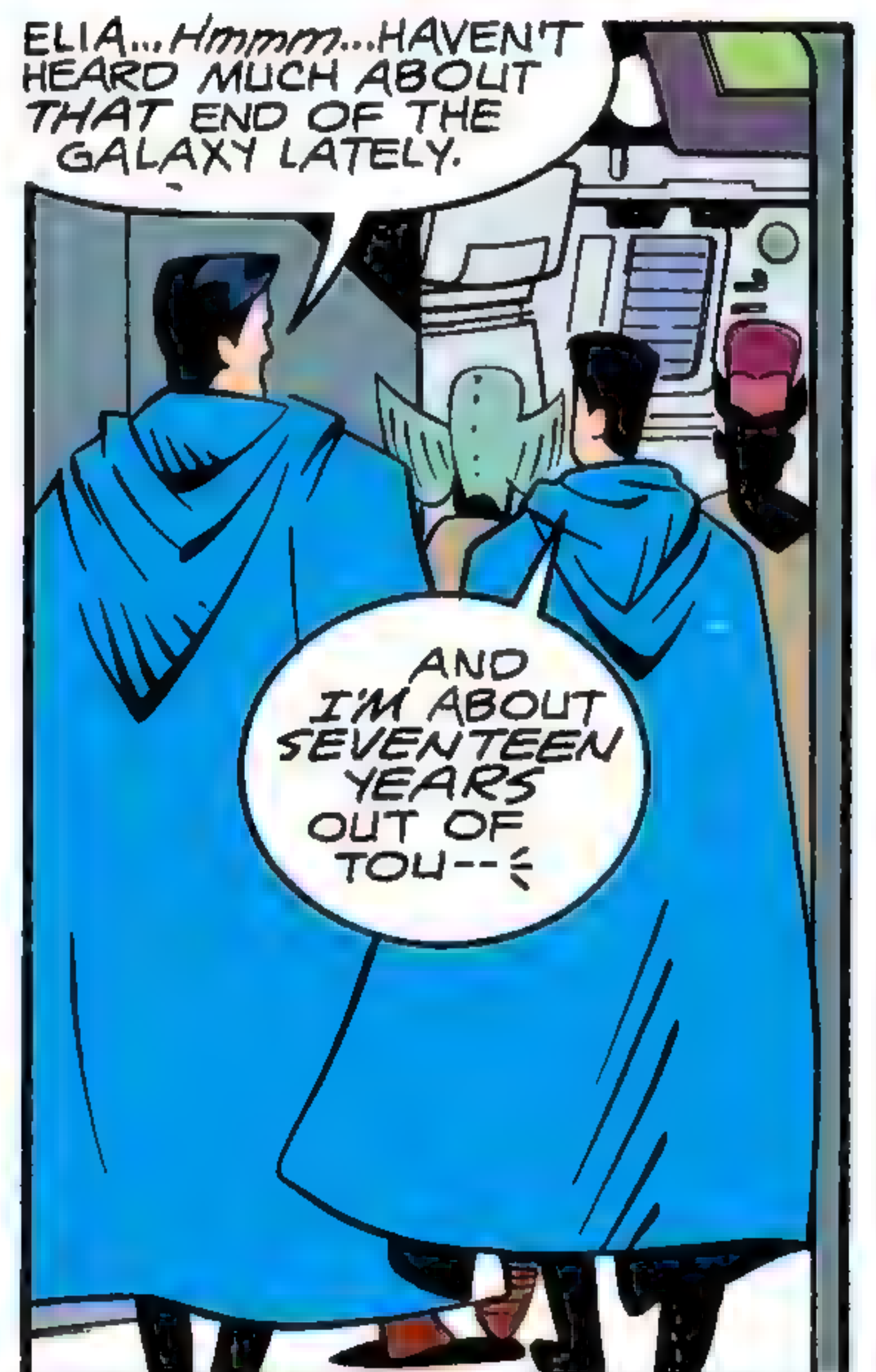
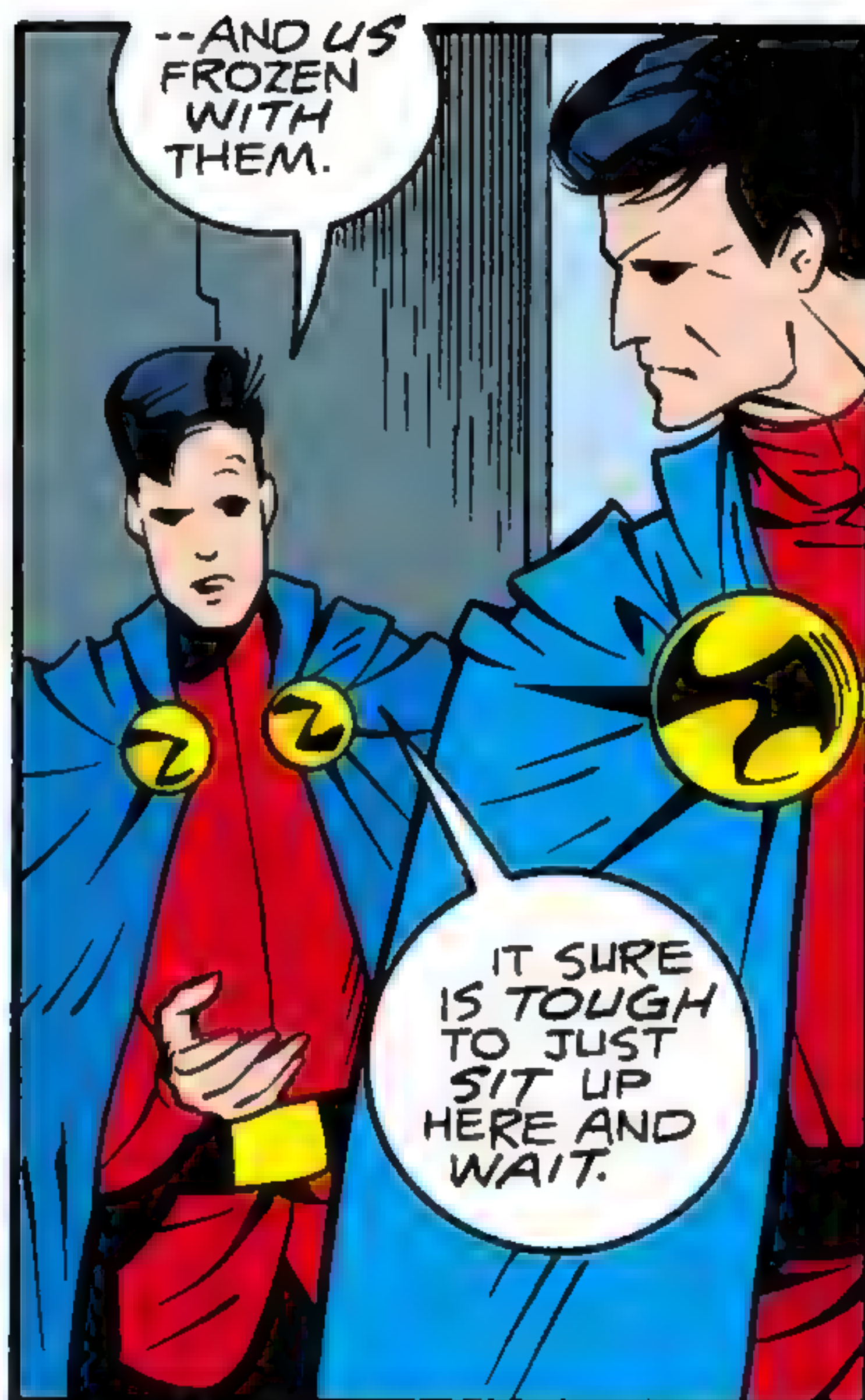
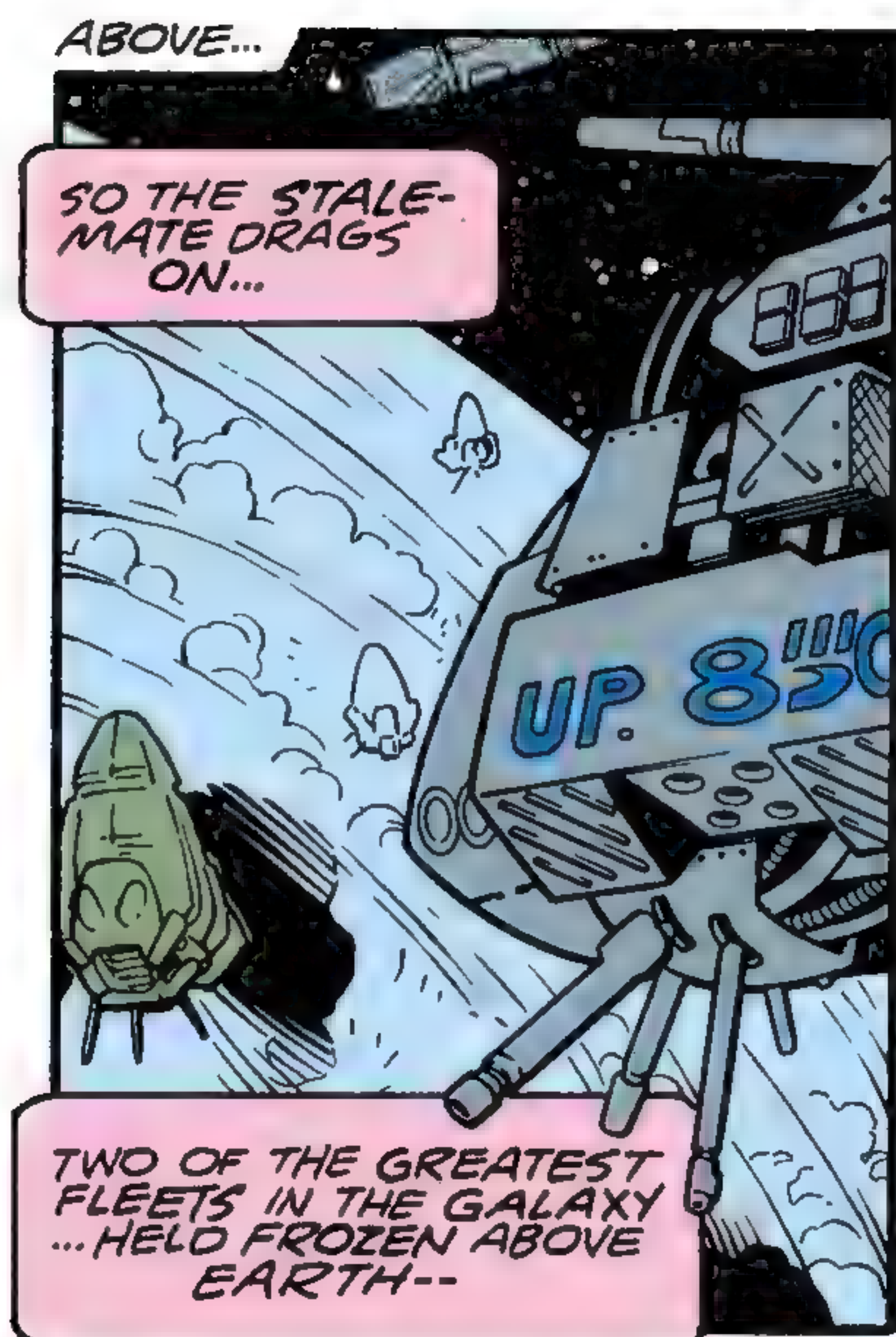


WISH US WELL, JACQUES...

...AND PLEASE HAVE TENZIL GONE BY THE TIME WE RETURN.



HMP! GALVANIZE A GUY'S UNDERWEAR JUST ONCE, AND HE HOLDS A GRUDGE FOREVER!



METROPOLIS...

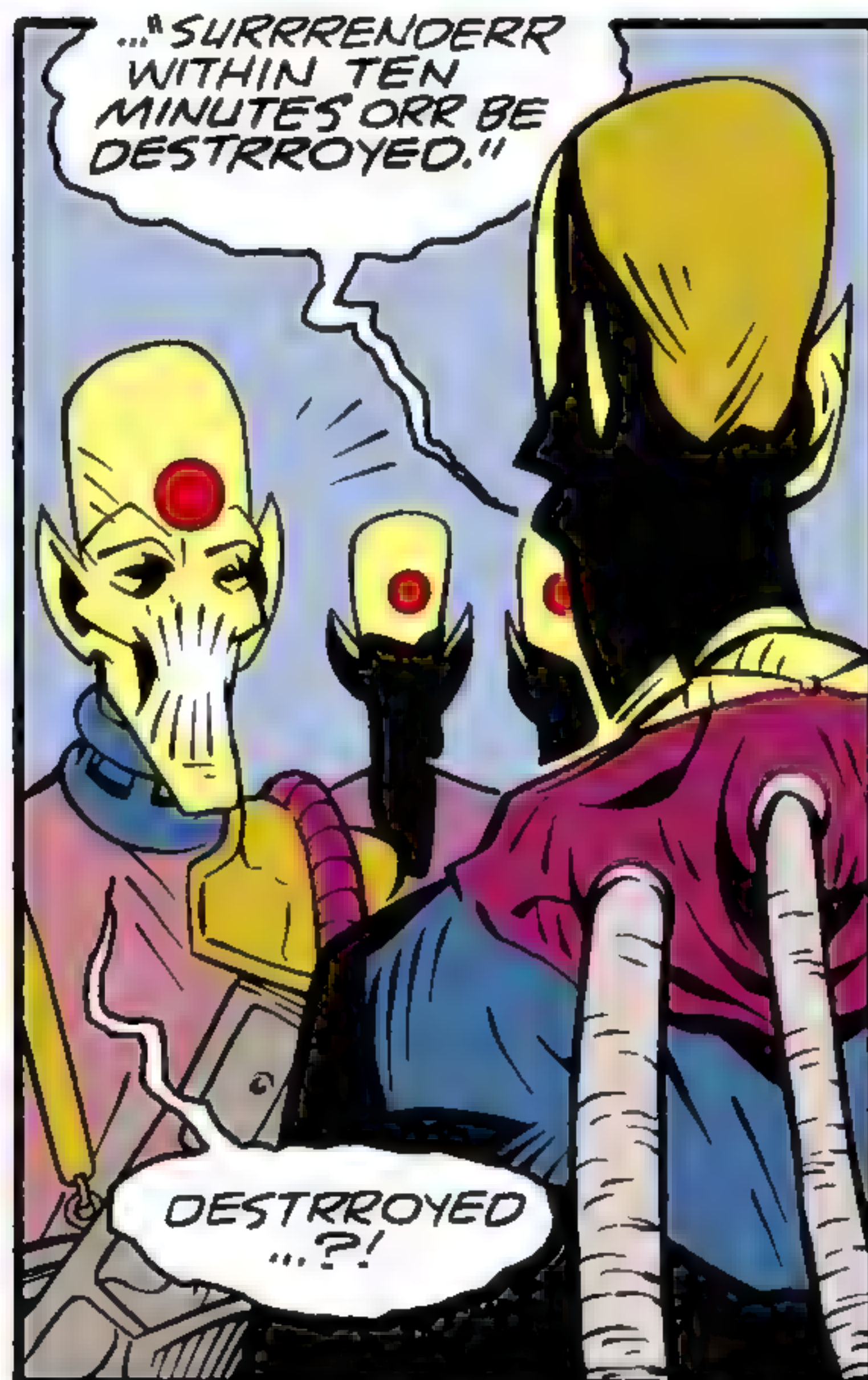
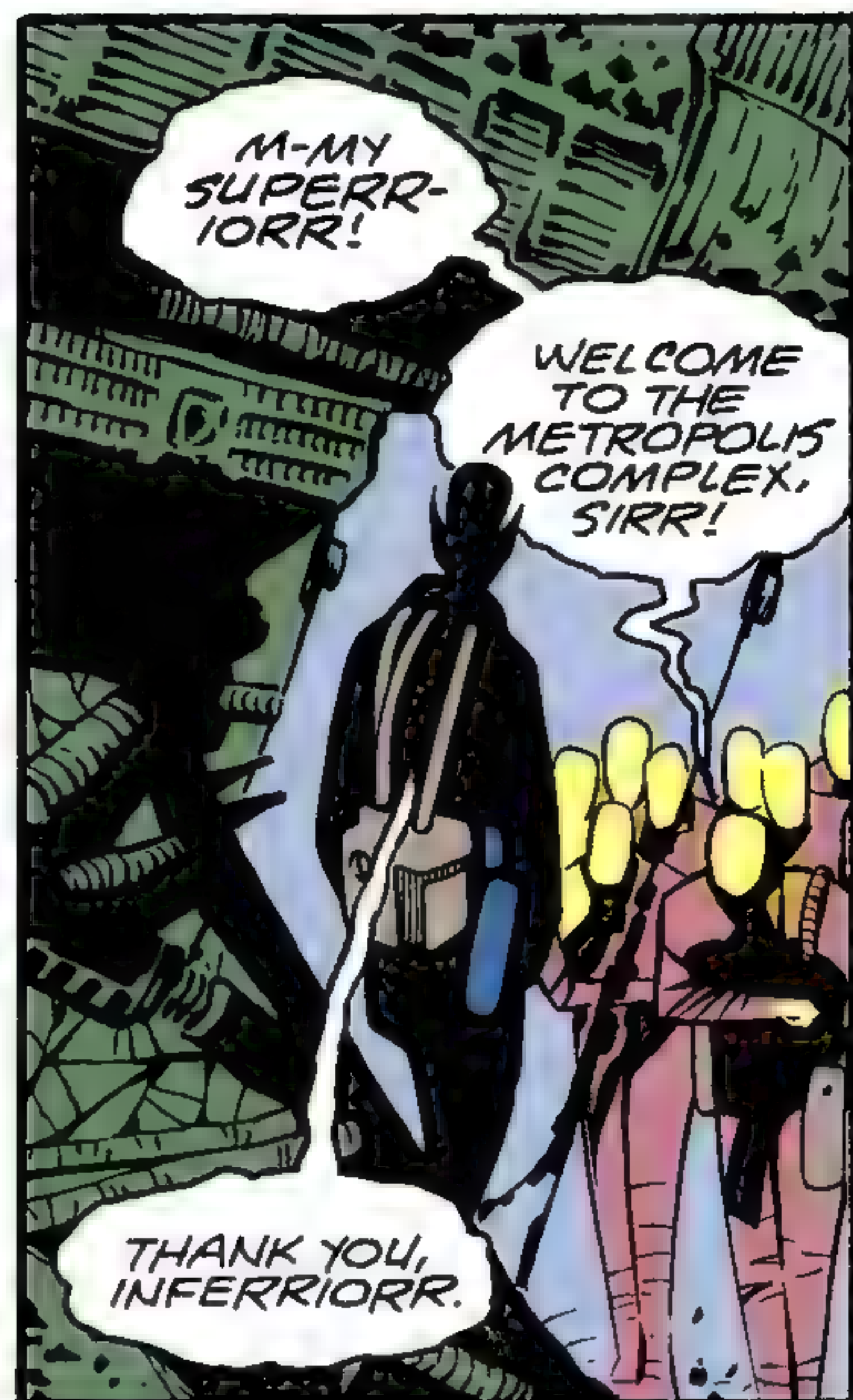
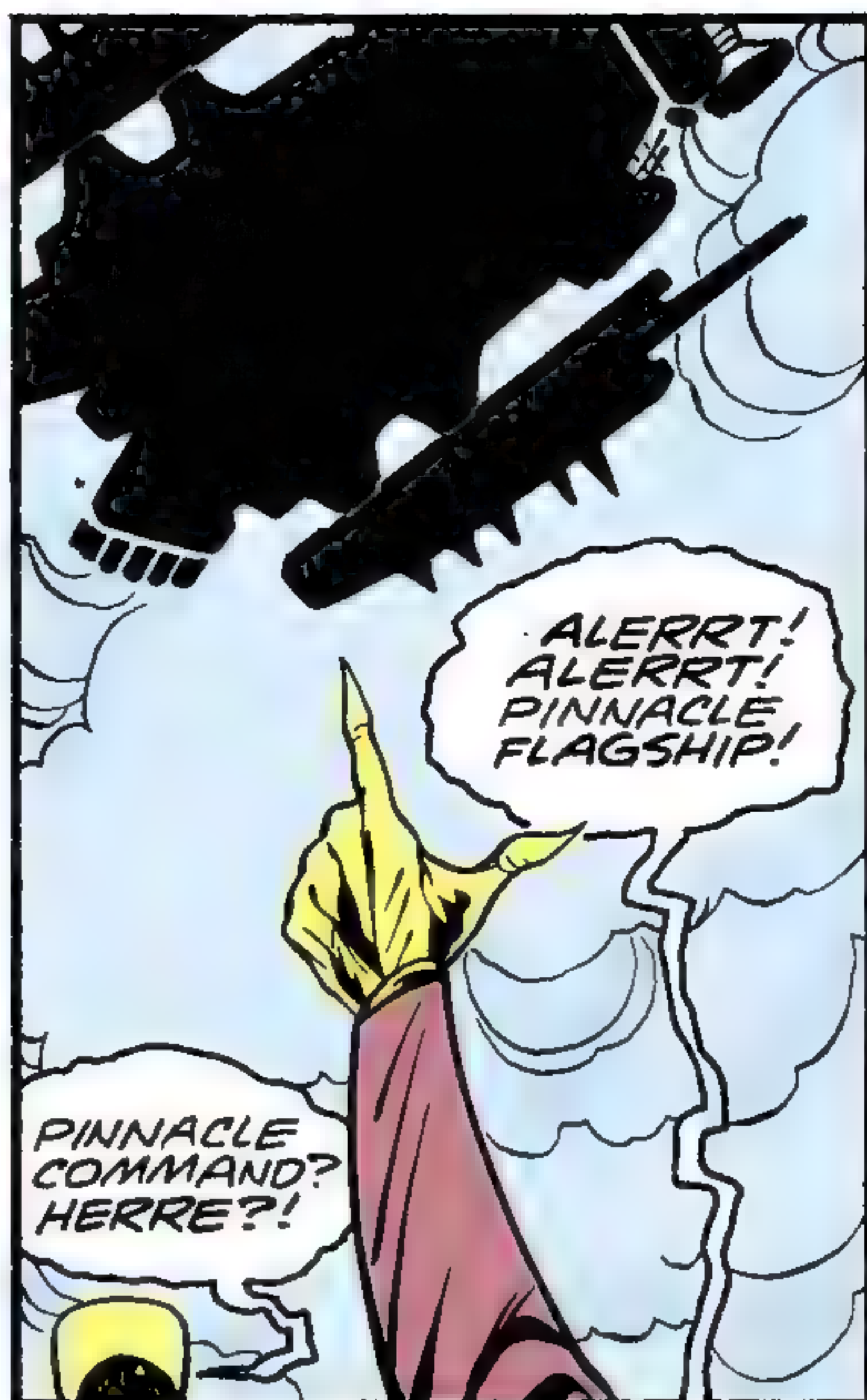


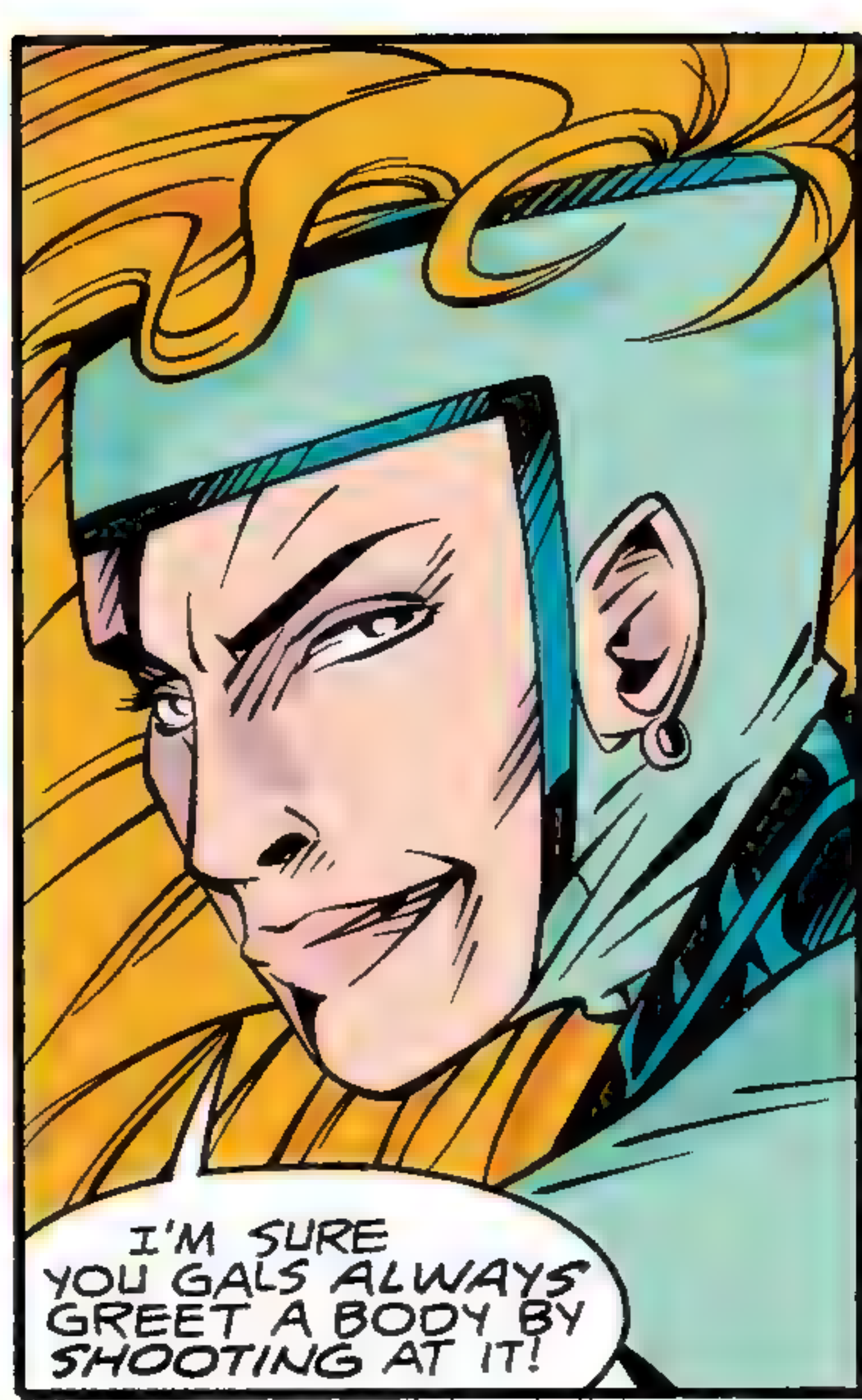
SOONERR OR LATERR, THE HUMANS' CON-FEDERRATES WILL ATTACK!

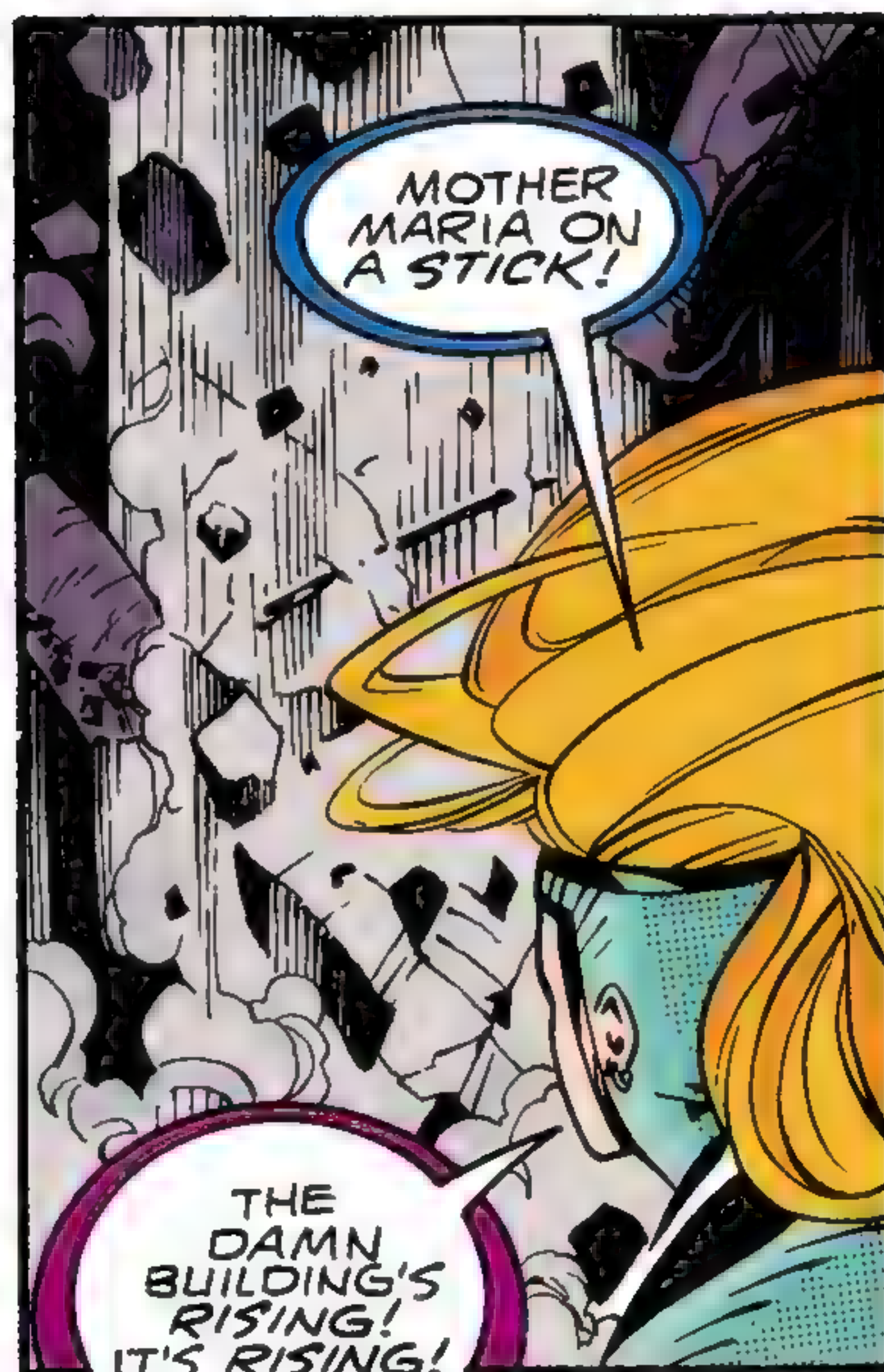
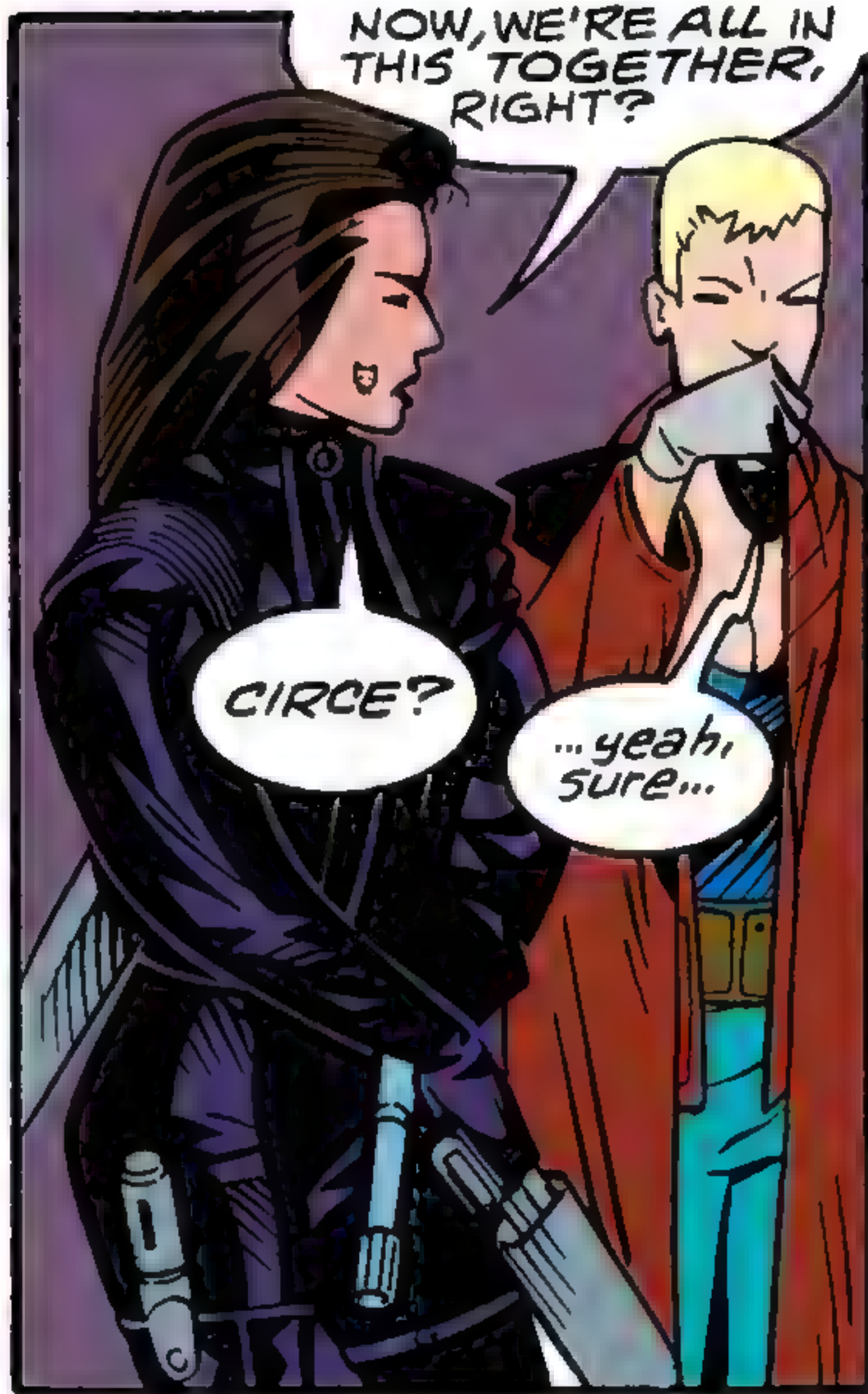
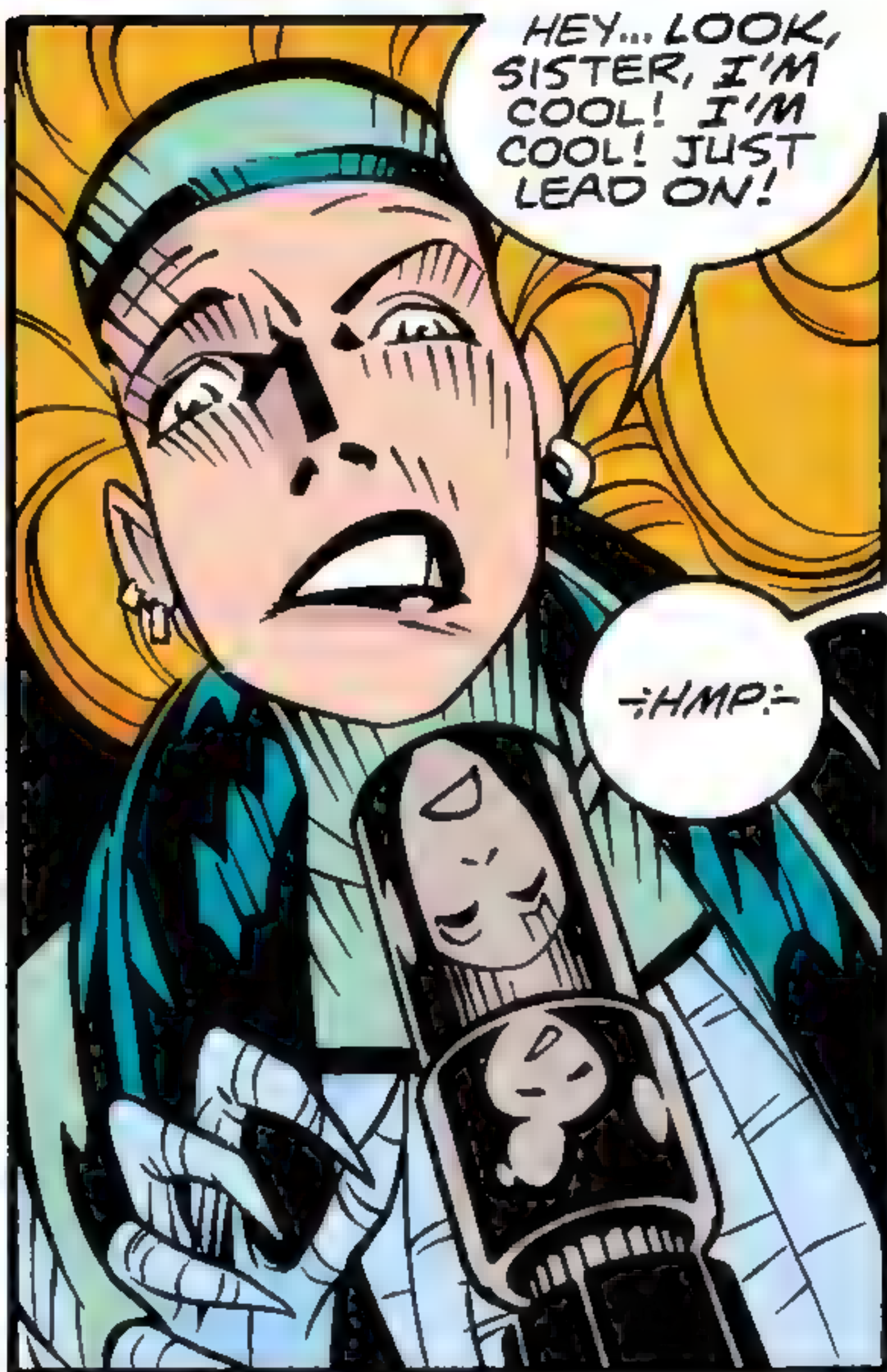
WE SHOULD SQUASH THE RREBELS IN THE CHAMBERRS BEFORE THEN.

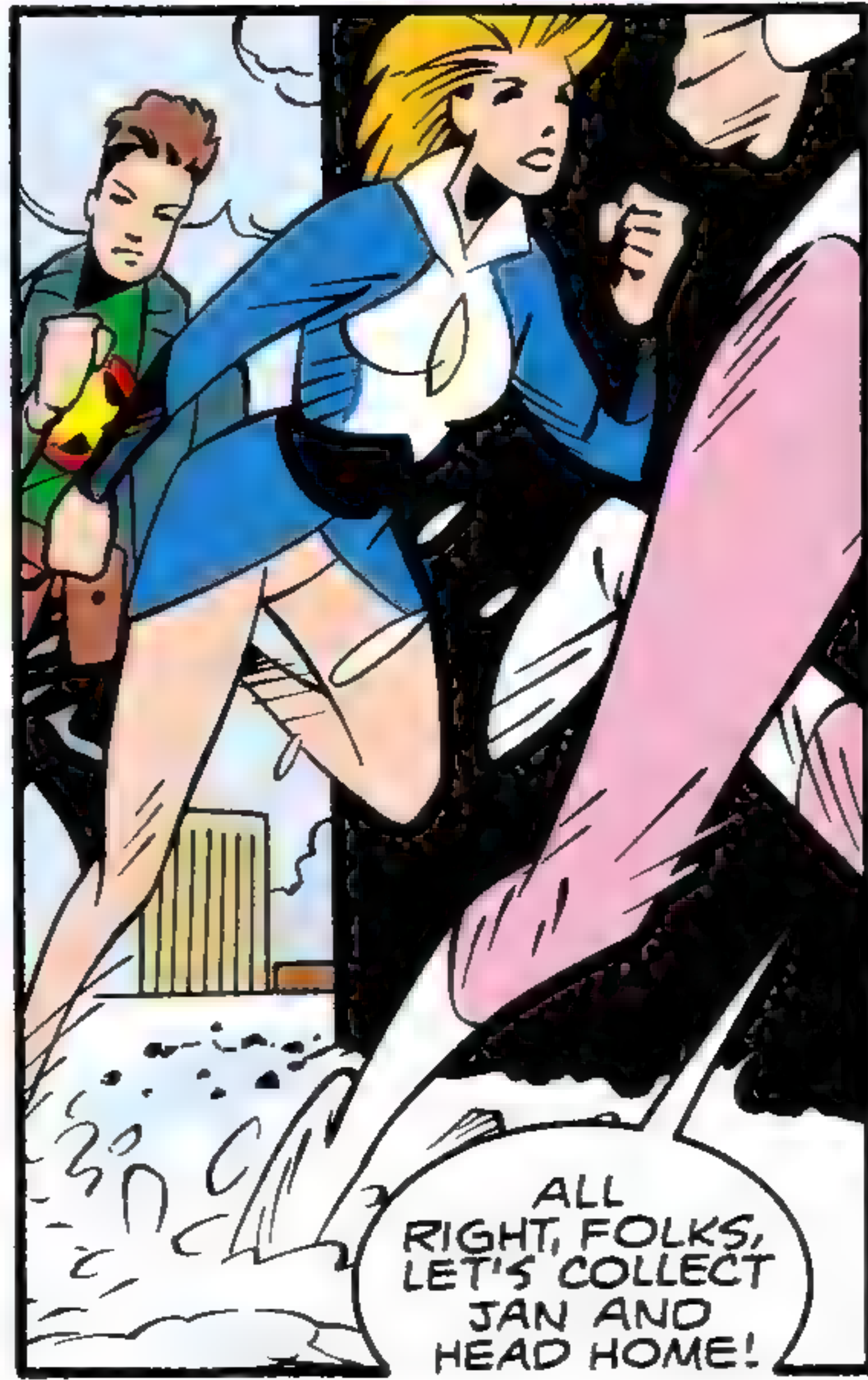
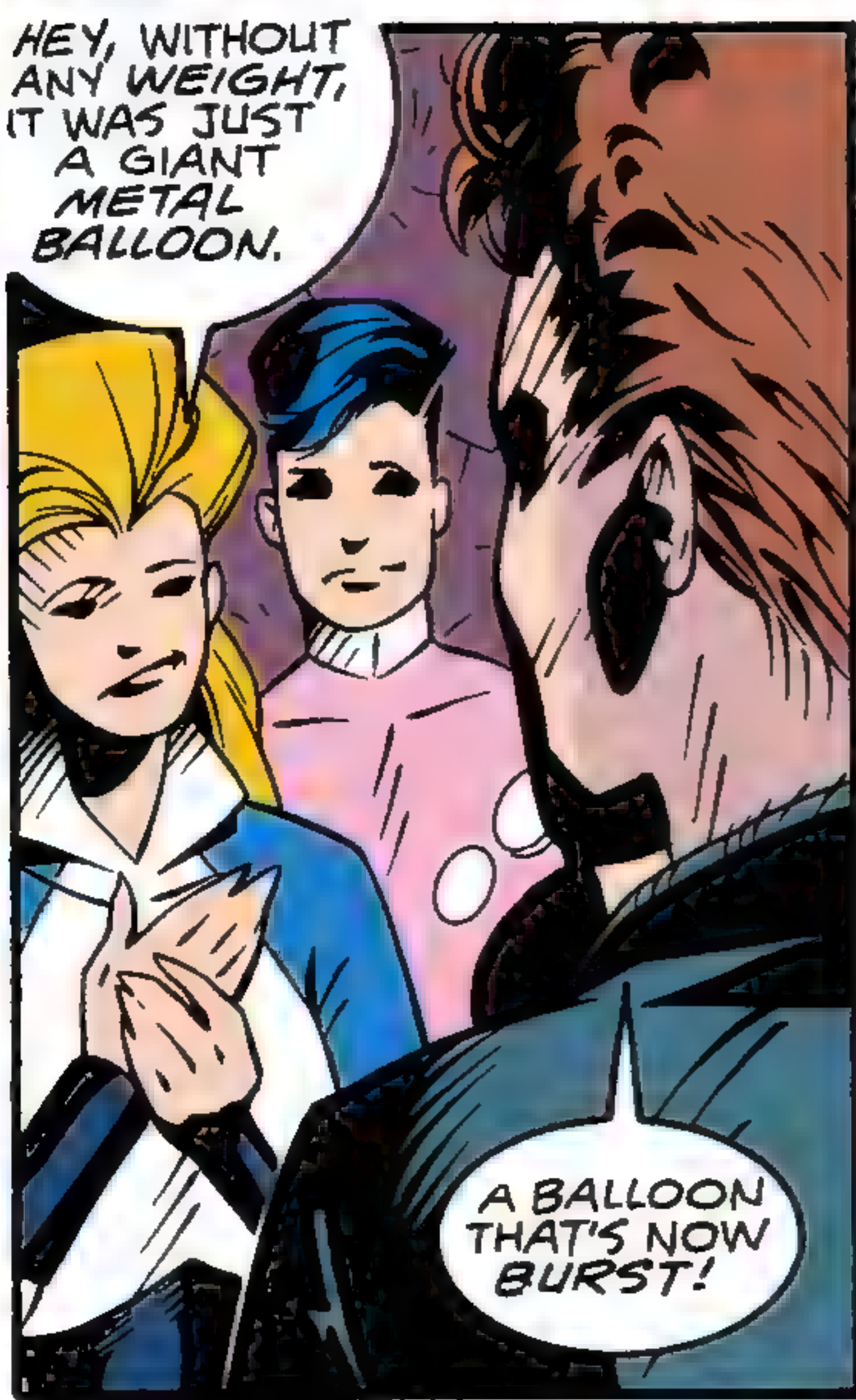
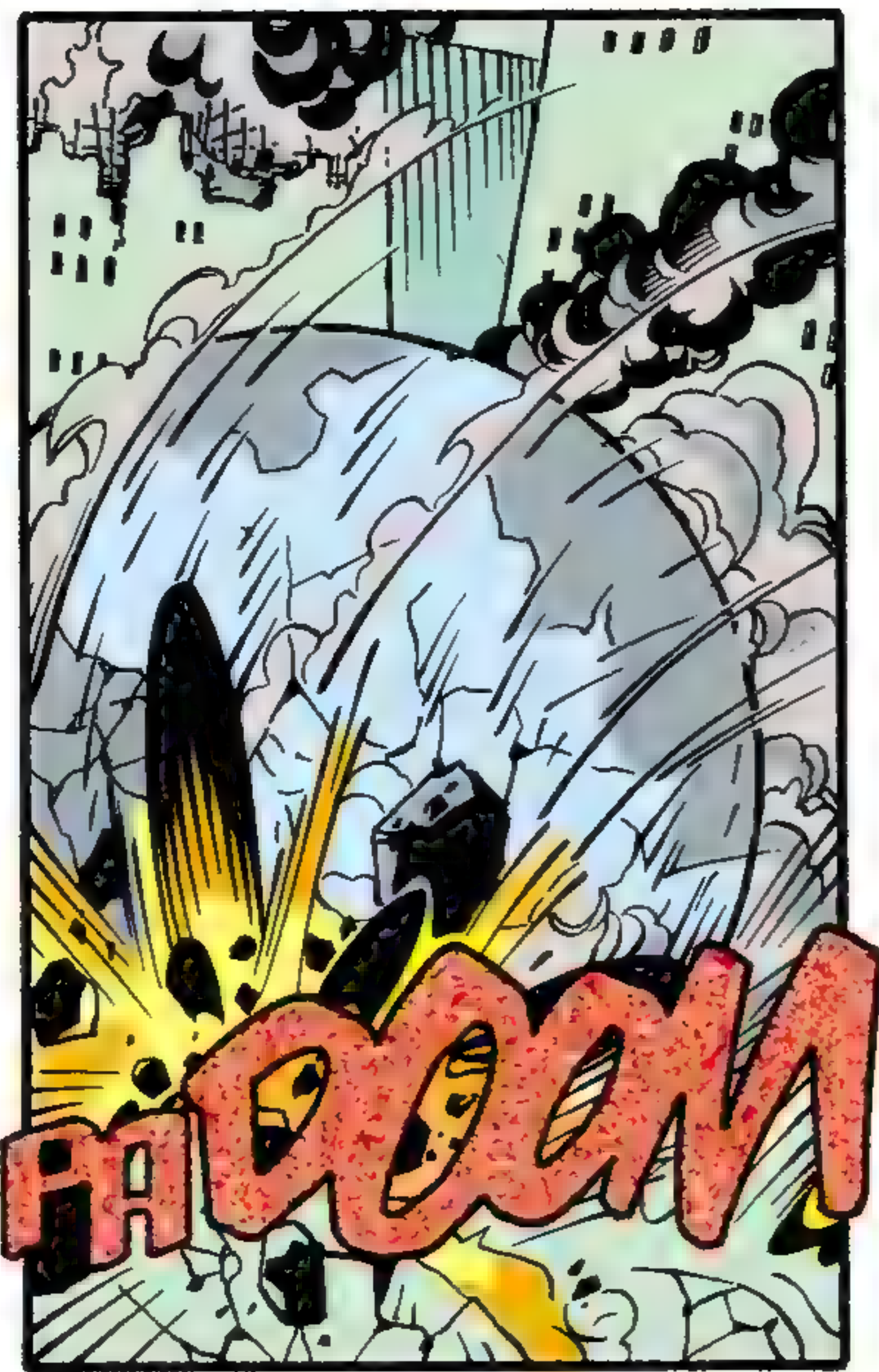
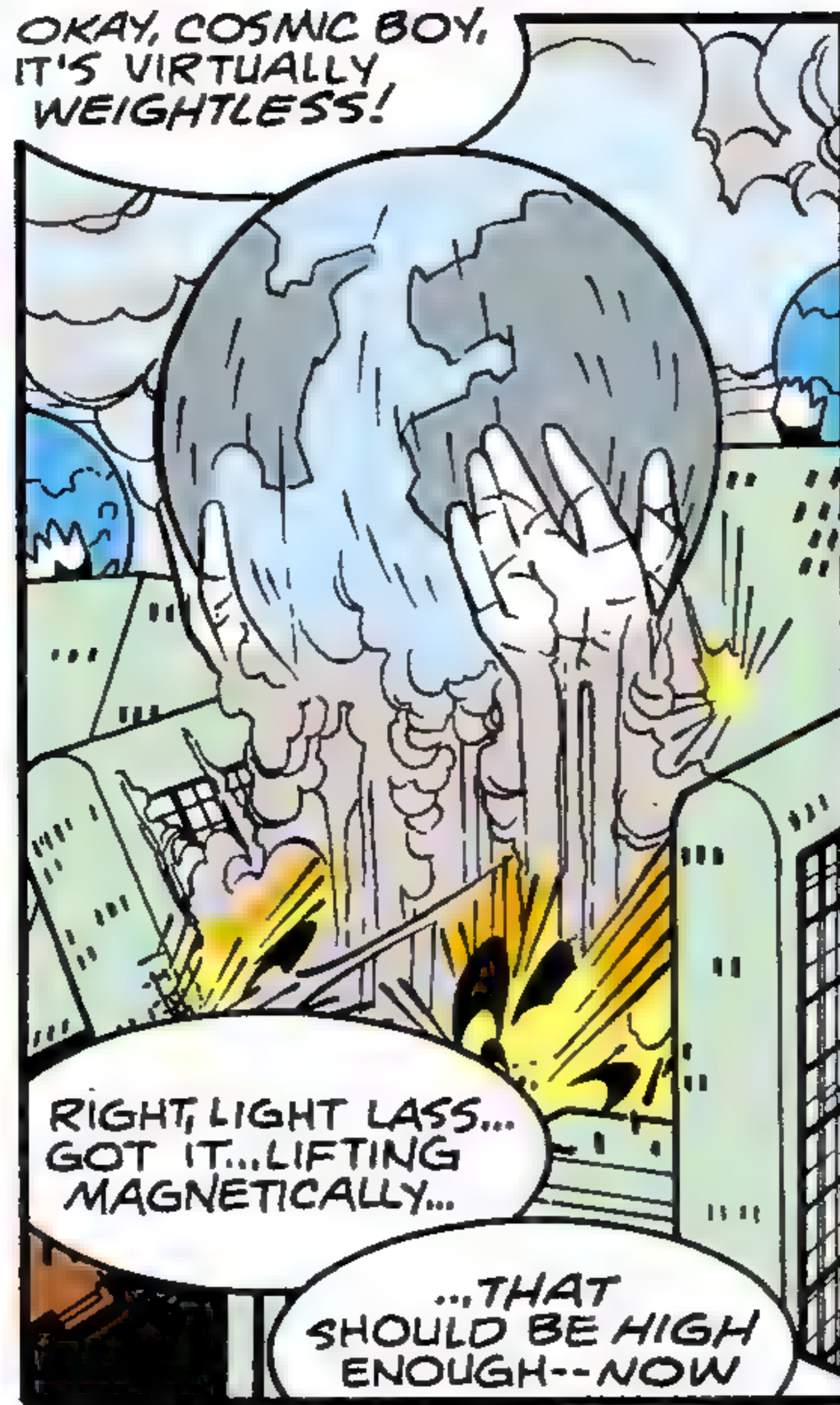


BUT YOU KNOW THE DANGERRS INVOLVED. THIS CHAMBERR COMPLEX IS LINKED WITH THE OTHERRS.









OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC...

OKAY, KEEP THE SPEED UP... KEEP 'ER LOW...



...WE CAN'T AFFORD TO SHOW UP ON THEIR MONITORS.

RELAX, BIG GUY, I'VE BEEN CRACKING THEIR MONITOR DEFENSES FOR THREE YEARS NOW.

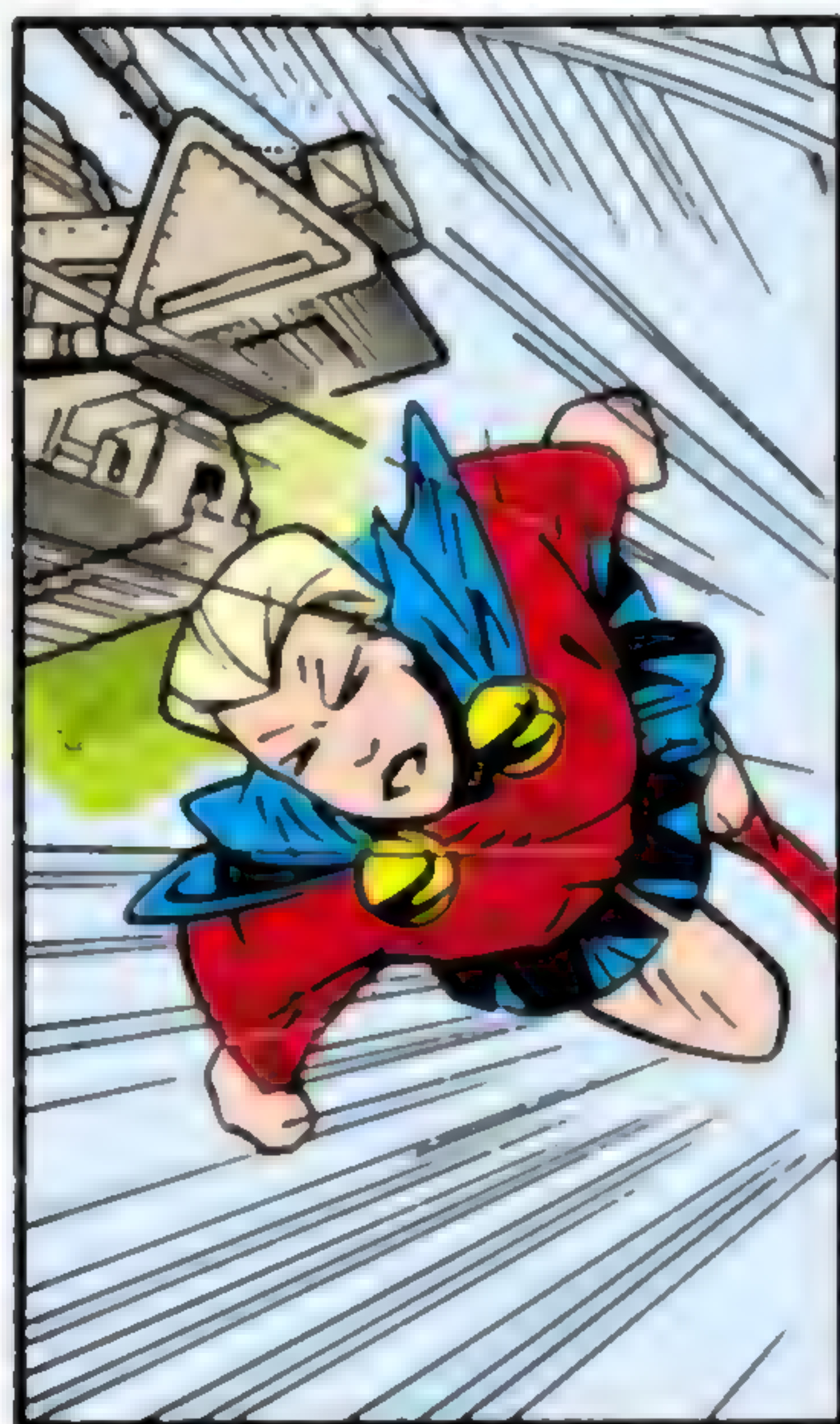
FINE, THEN LET'S ENDEAVOR TO MAKE IT FOUR.

YOU GOT IT, CHIEF.



YO, STEWART...

...LOOKS LIKE WE PICKED UP OUR AIR SUPPORT...!

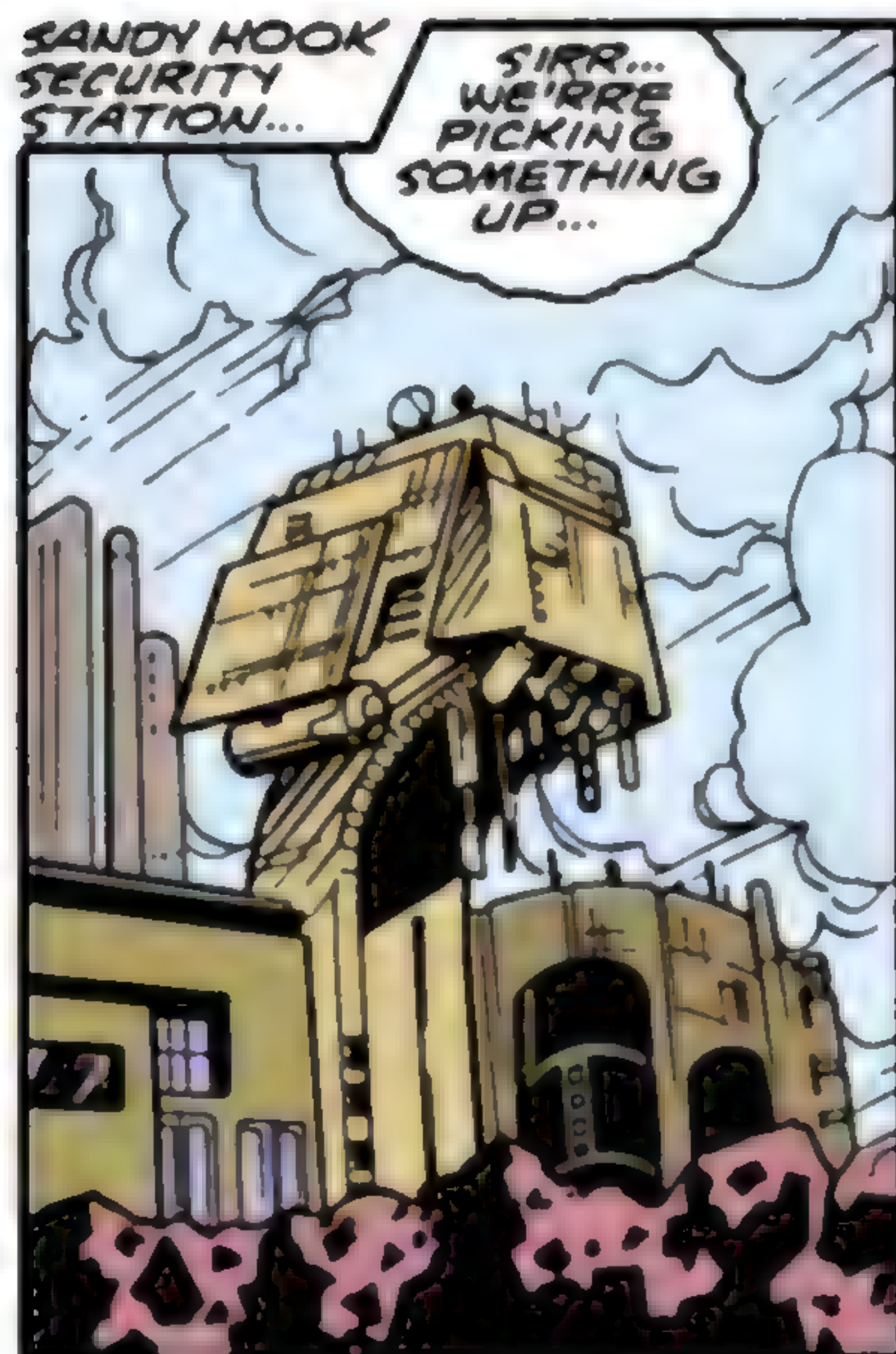


HEY, DOLL! GOOD TO HAVE YOU ALONG!



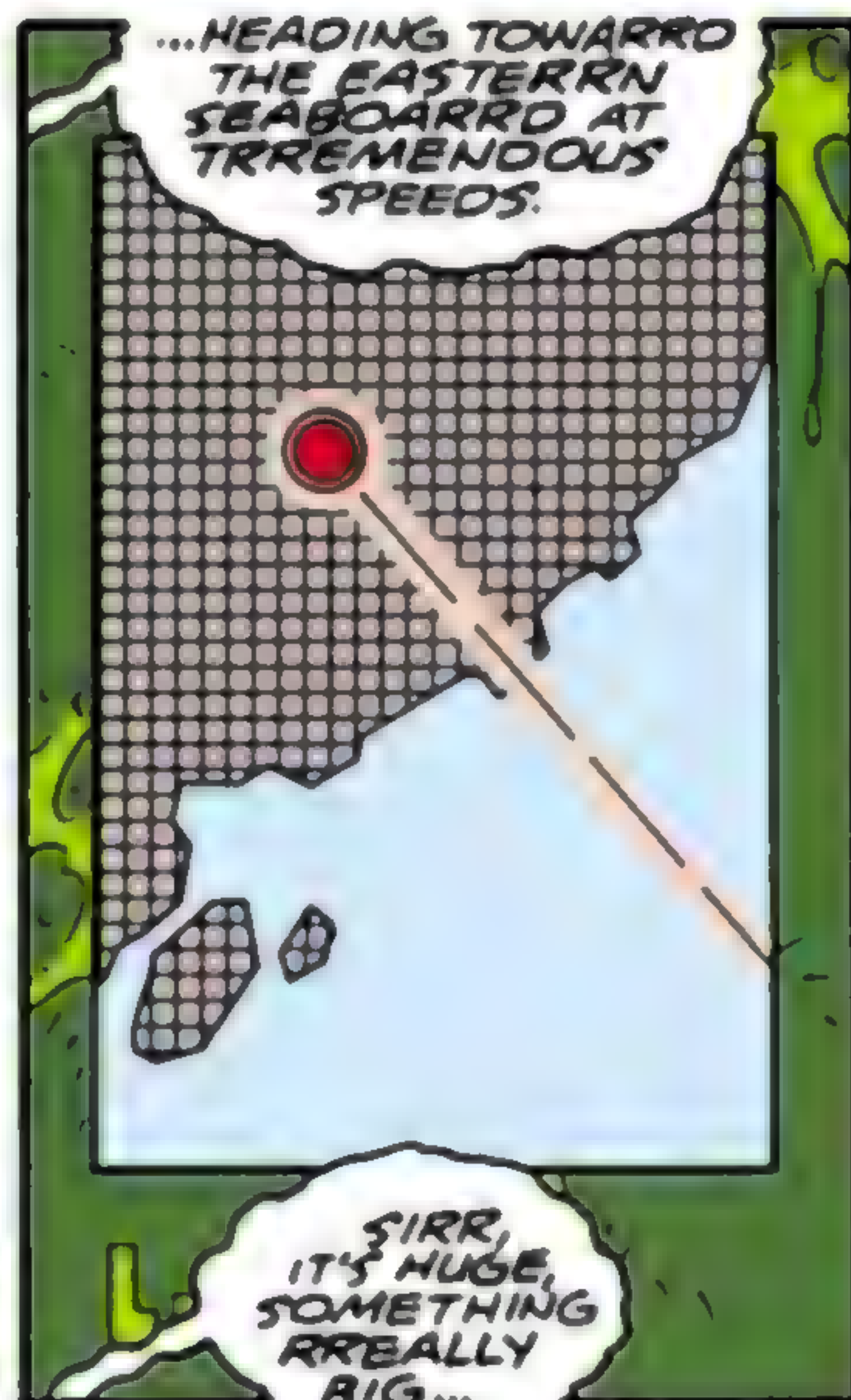
SANDY HOOK SECURITY STATION...

SIRR... WE'RE PICKING SOMETHING UP...



...HEADING TOWARD THE EASTERN SEABOARD AT TREMENDOUS SPEEDS.

SIRR, IT'S HUGE, SOMETHING REALLY BIG...

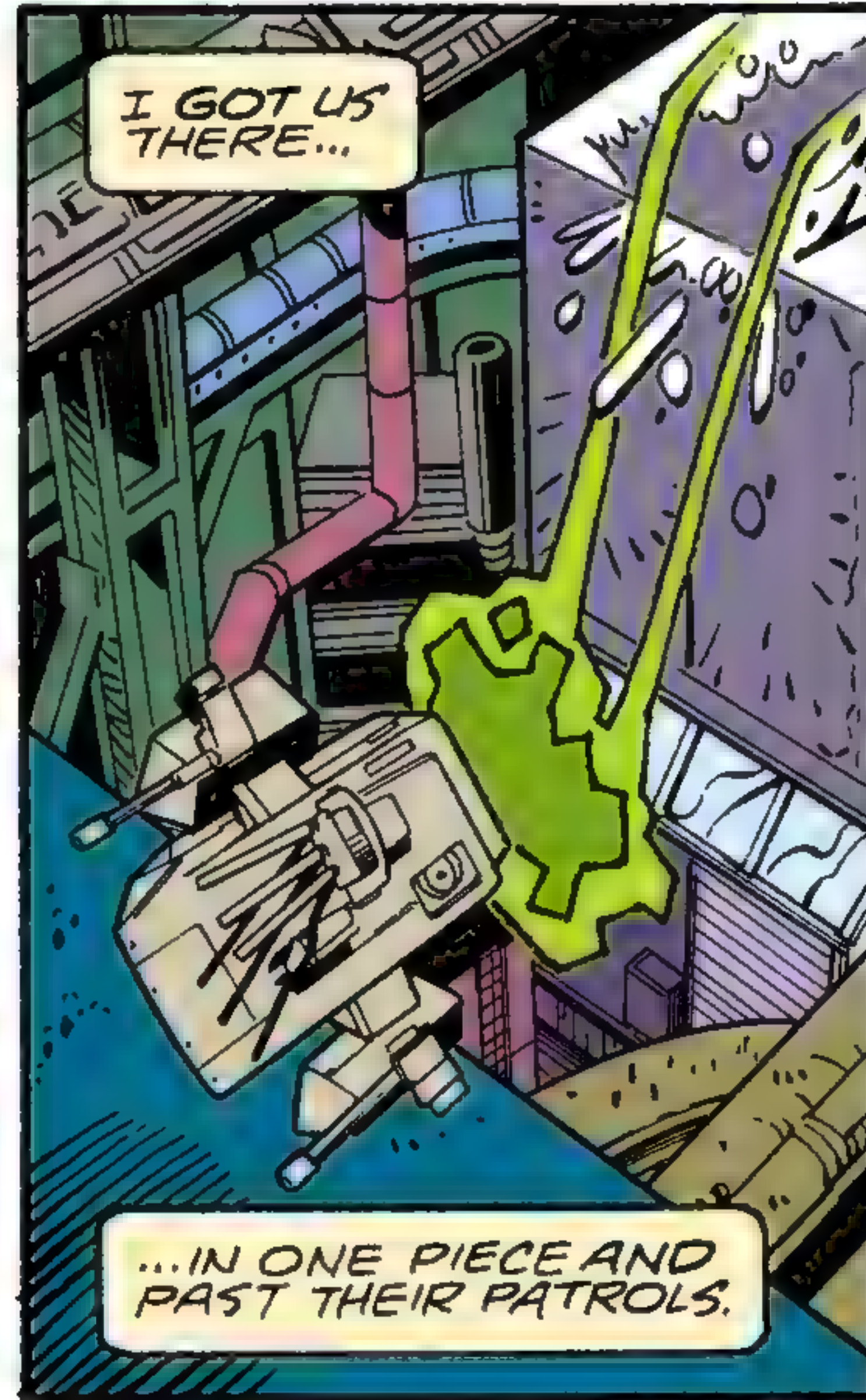
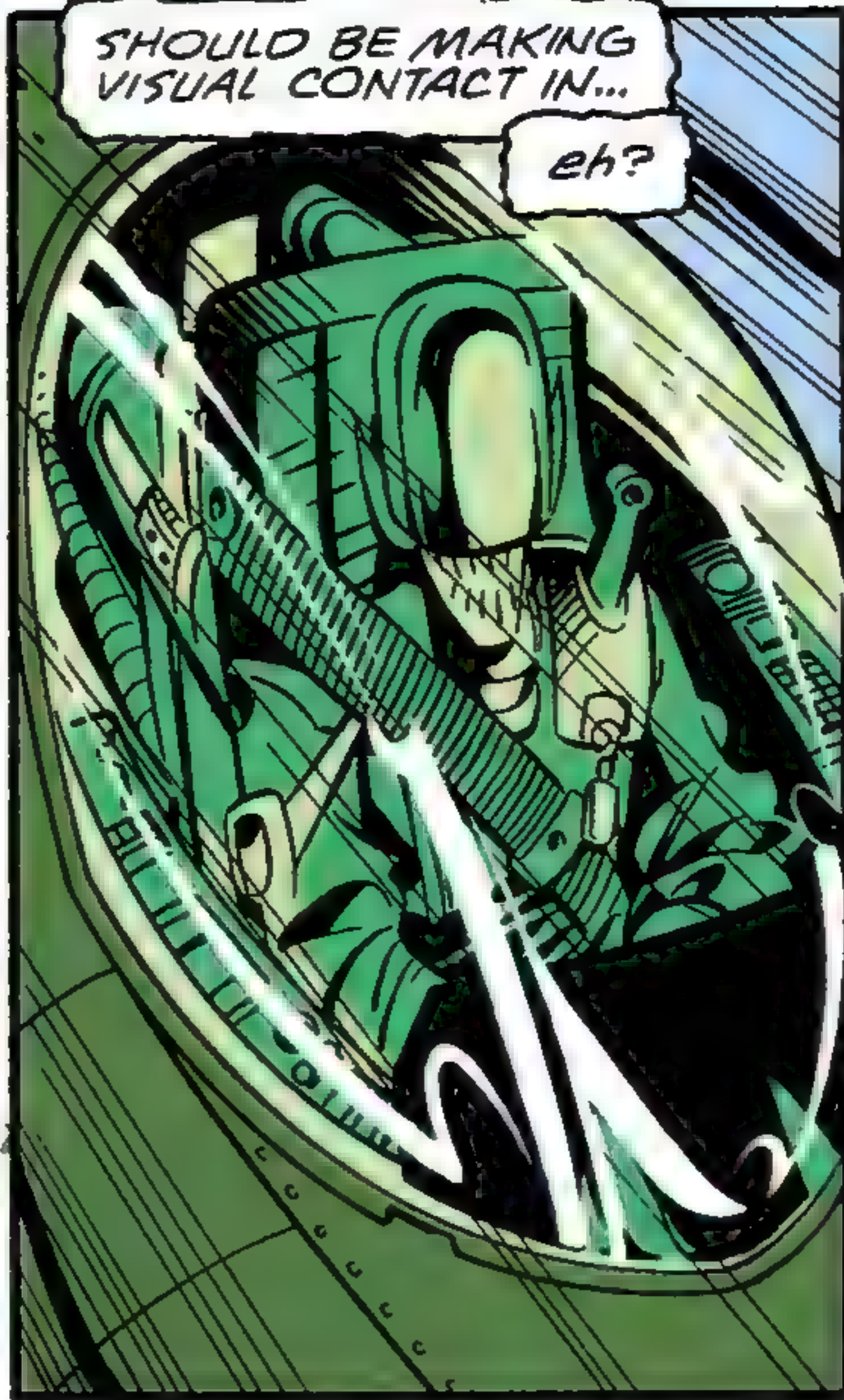
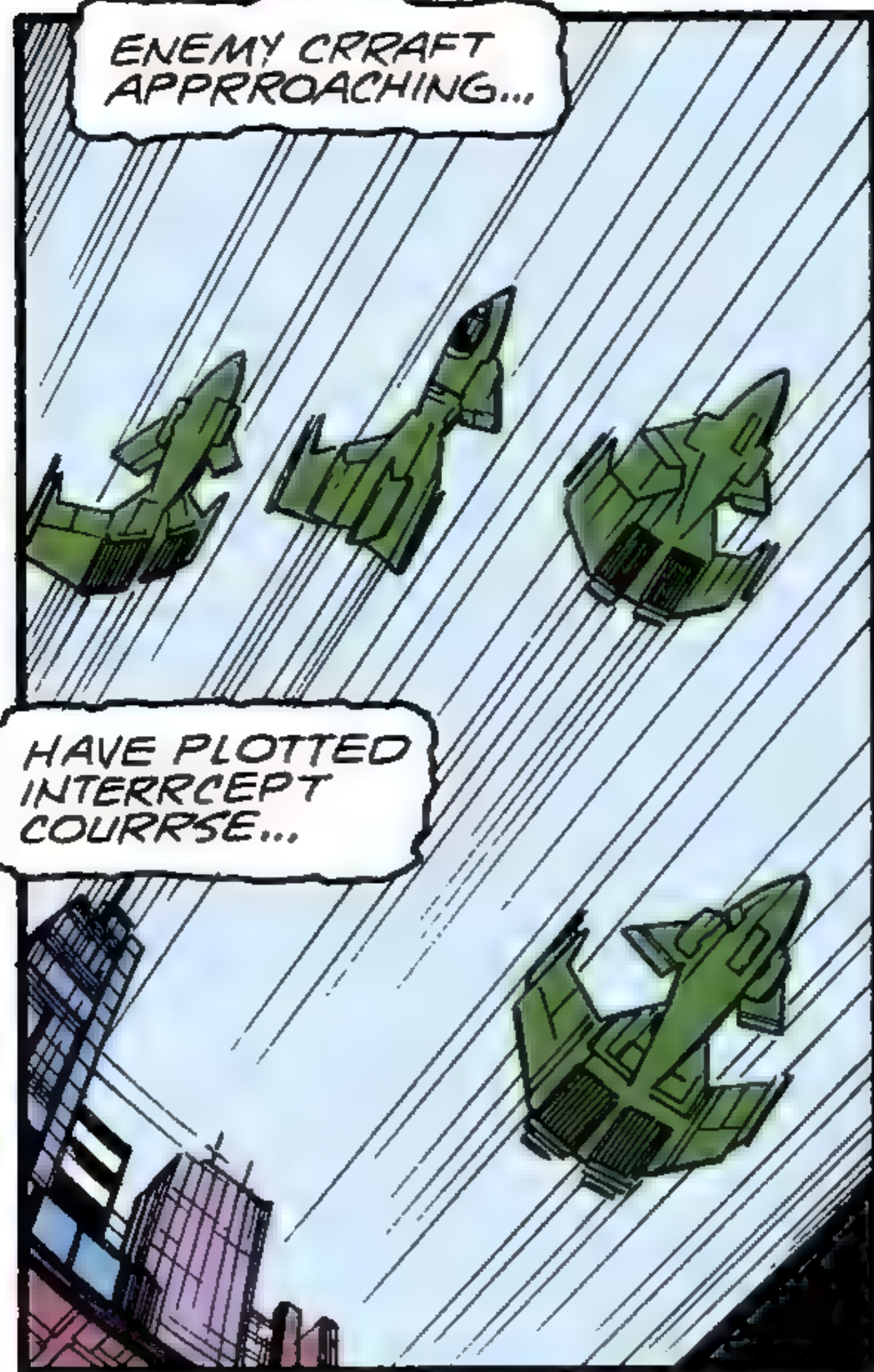


A REBEL CRAFT, PERRHAPS?

WHAT-EVER IT IS, SIRR...

...IT DOES NOT HAVE AUTHORIZATION.







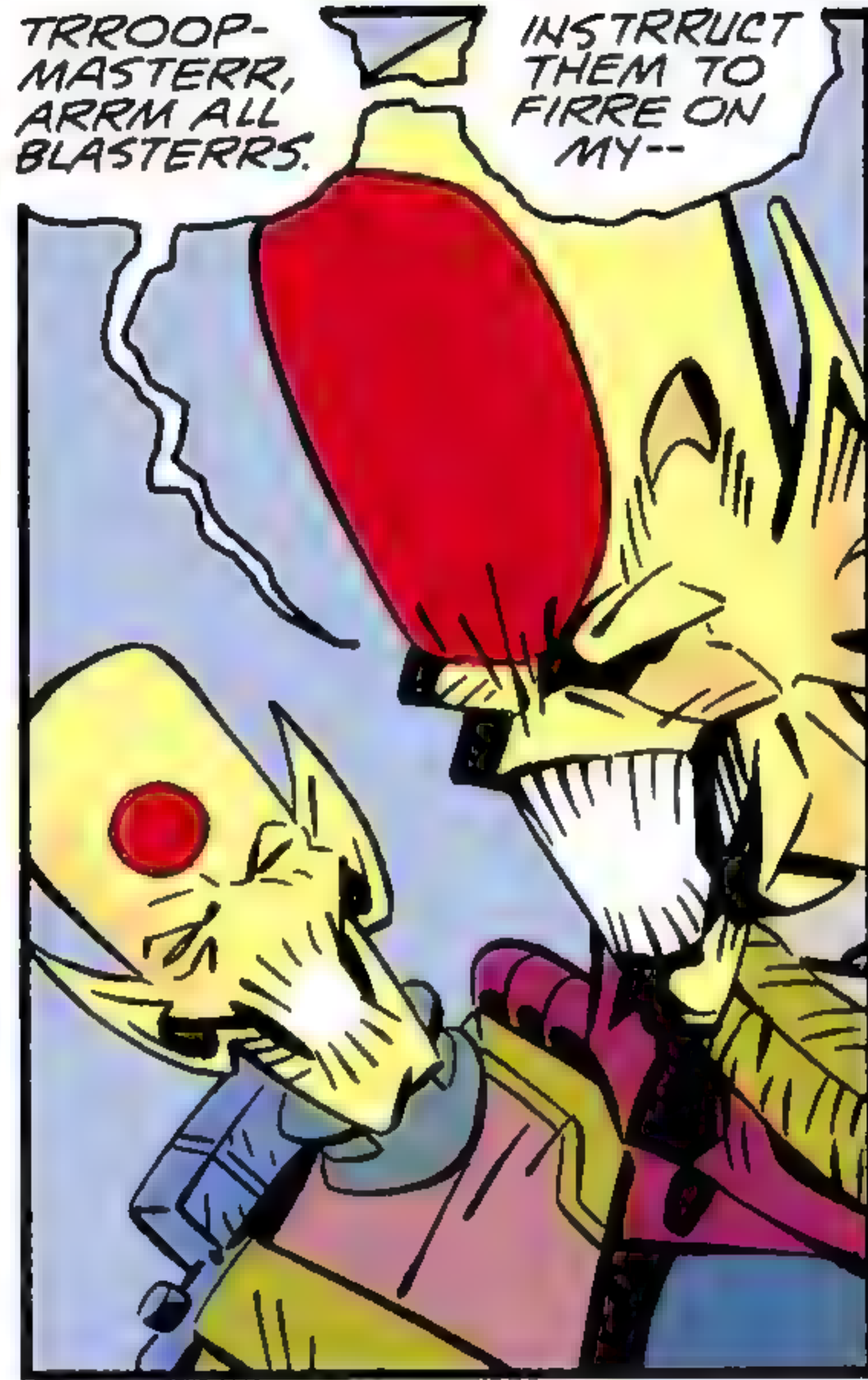
BLASTERRS
AT THE
RREADY?

YESSIR.

HOW
MUCH TIME
LEFT?



THIRTY
SECONDS,
SIRR.



TRROOP-
MASTERR,
ARRM ALL
BLASTERRS.

INSTRUNCT
THEM TO
FIRRE ON
MY--



HOLD
YOUR FIRE!
HOLD YOUR
FIRE!

WE'LL
SSURRENDER
PEACE-
FULLY!

AH!

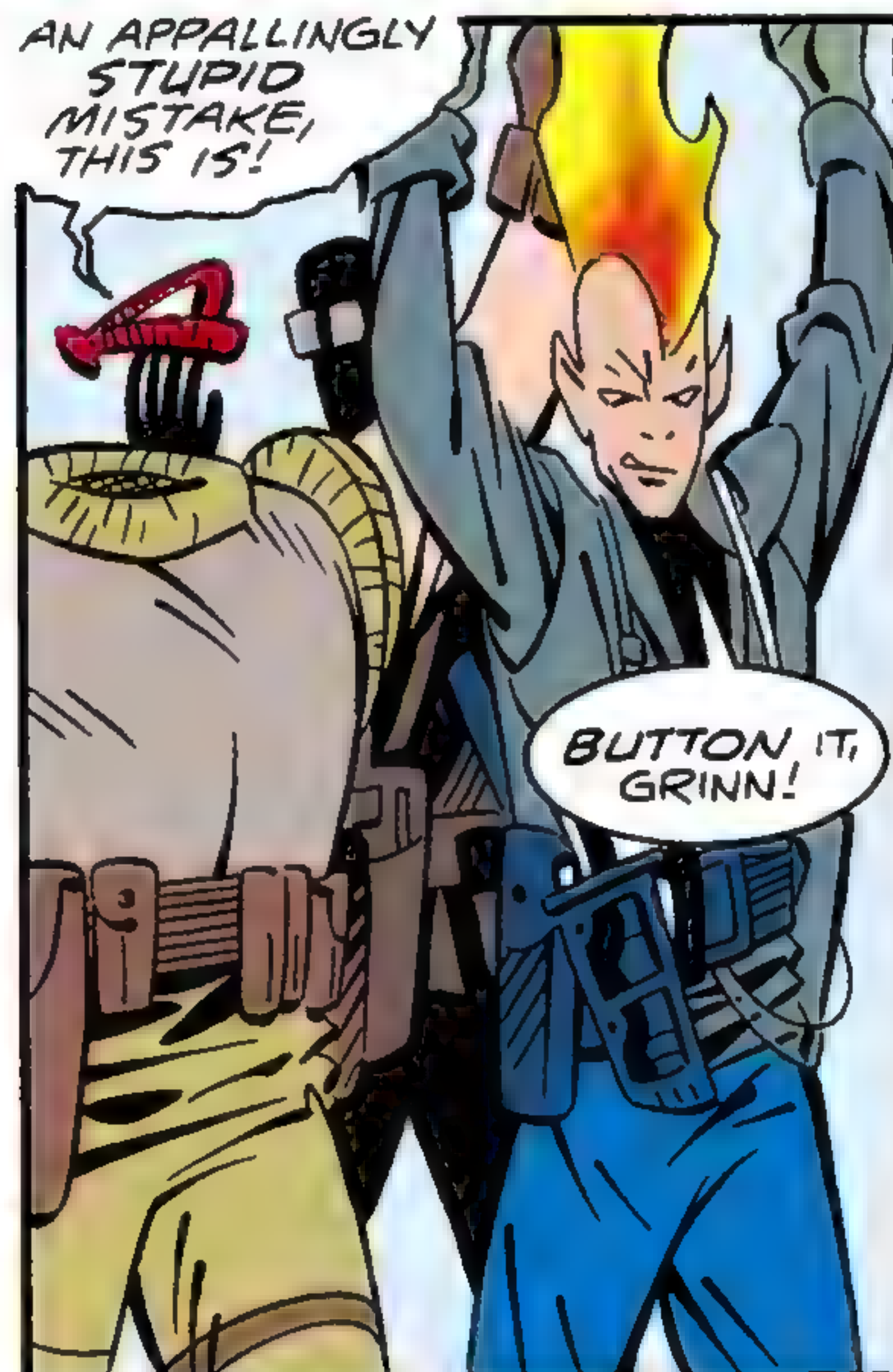


I HAD A FEELING
THEY'D LISTEN TO
RREASON.

SSOLDIERRS?
COLLECT OURR
PRRIZE,
PLEASE!

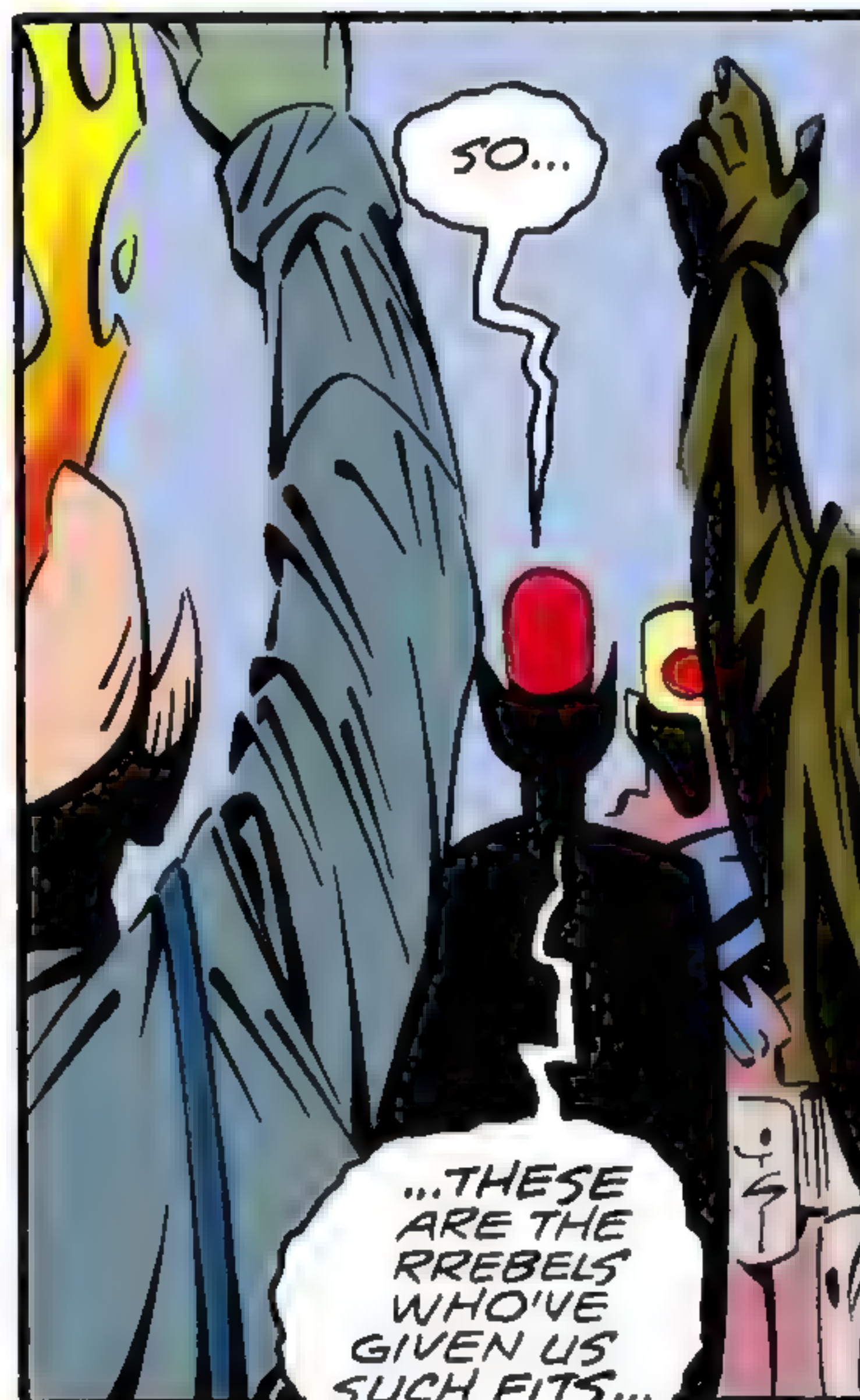


OH,
G-GOD.



AN APPALLINGLY
STUPID
MISTAKE,
THIS IS!

BUTTON IT,
GRINN!



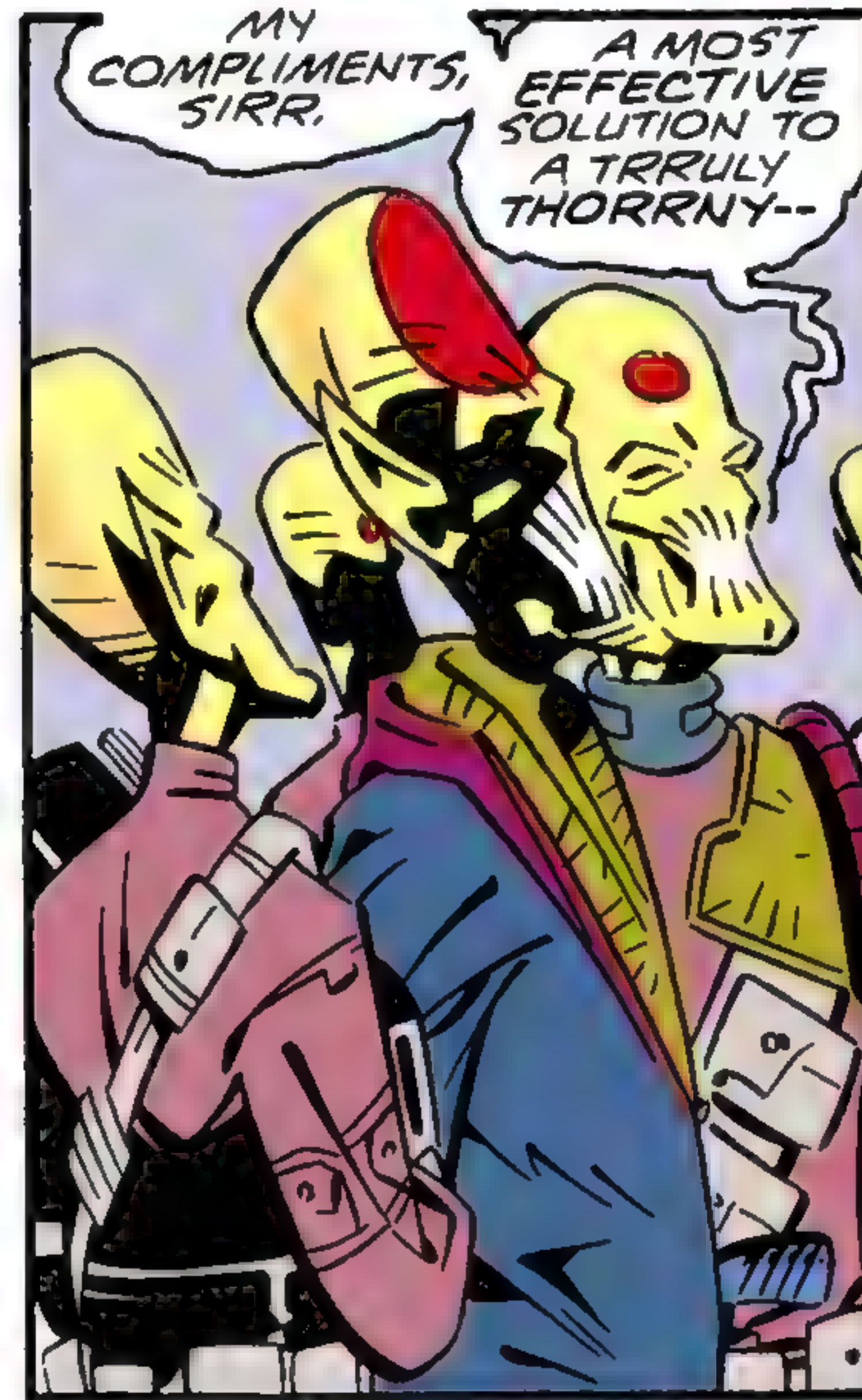
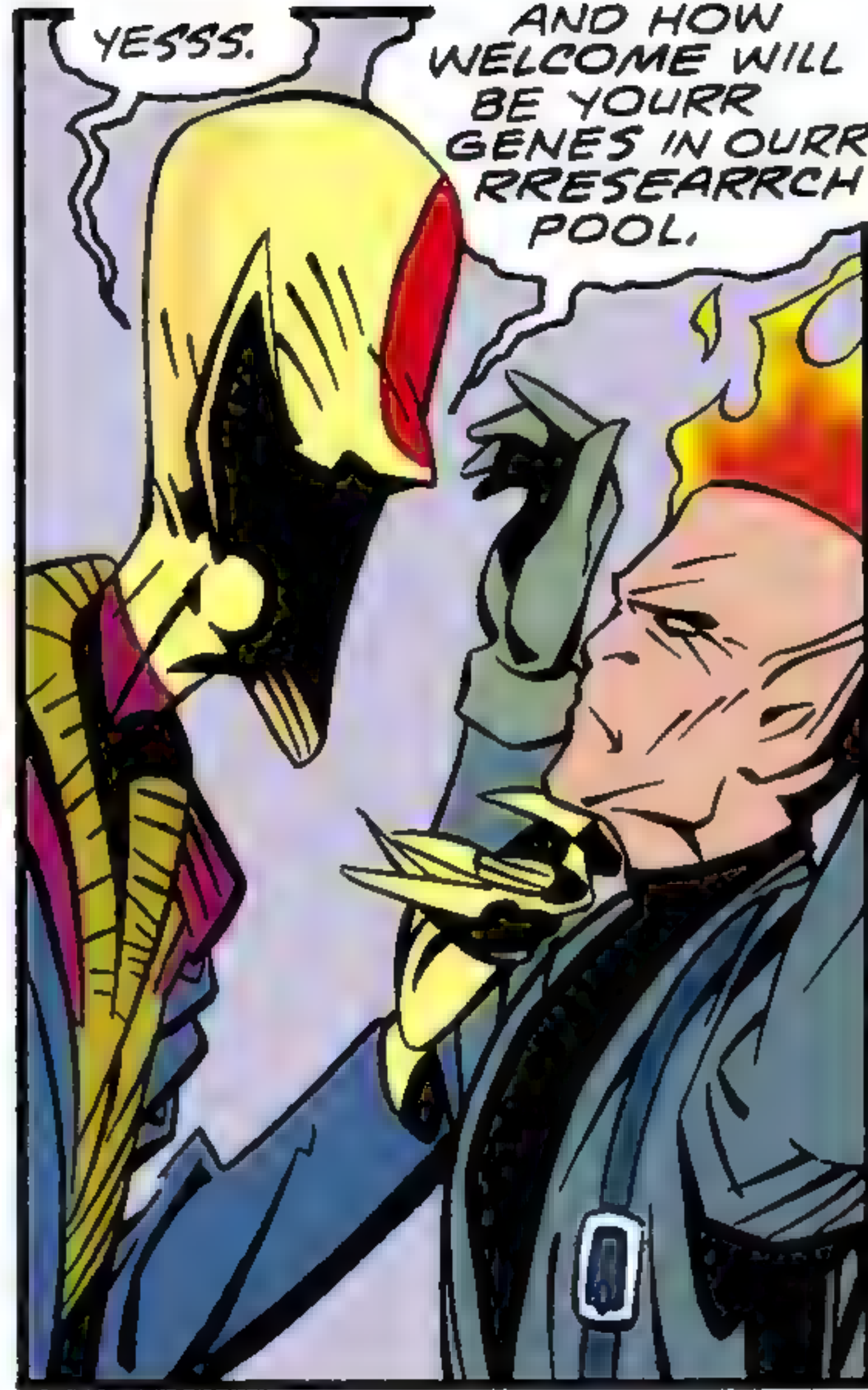
SO...

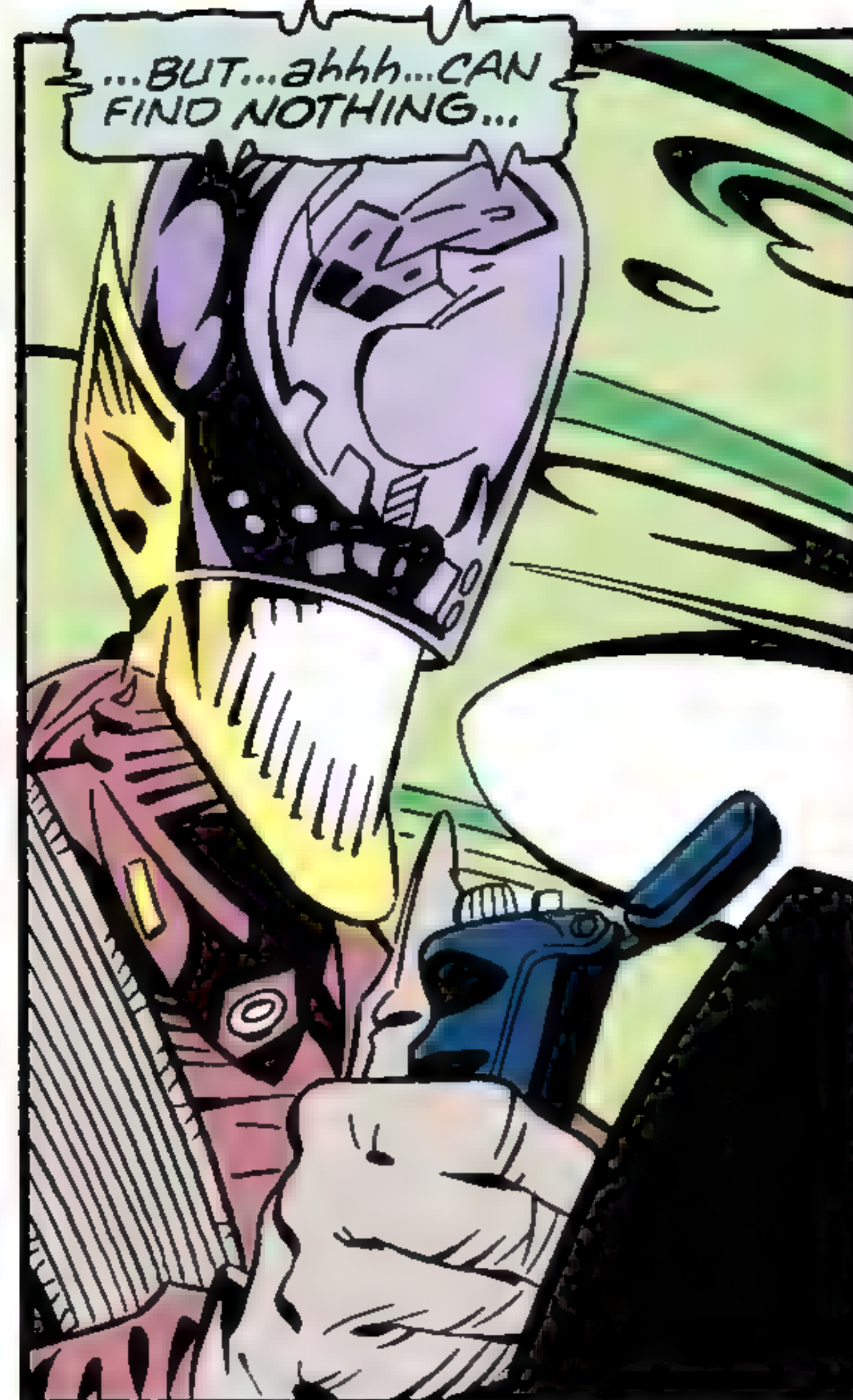
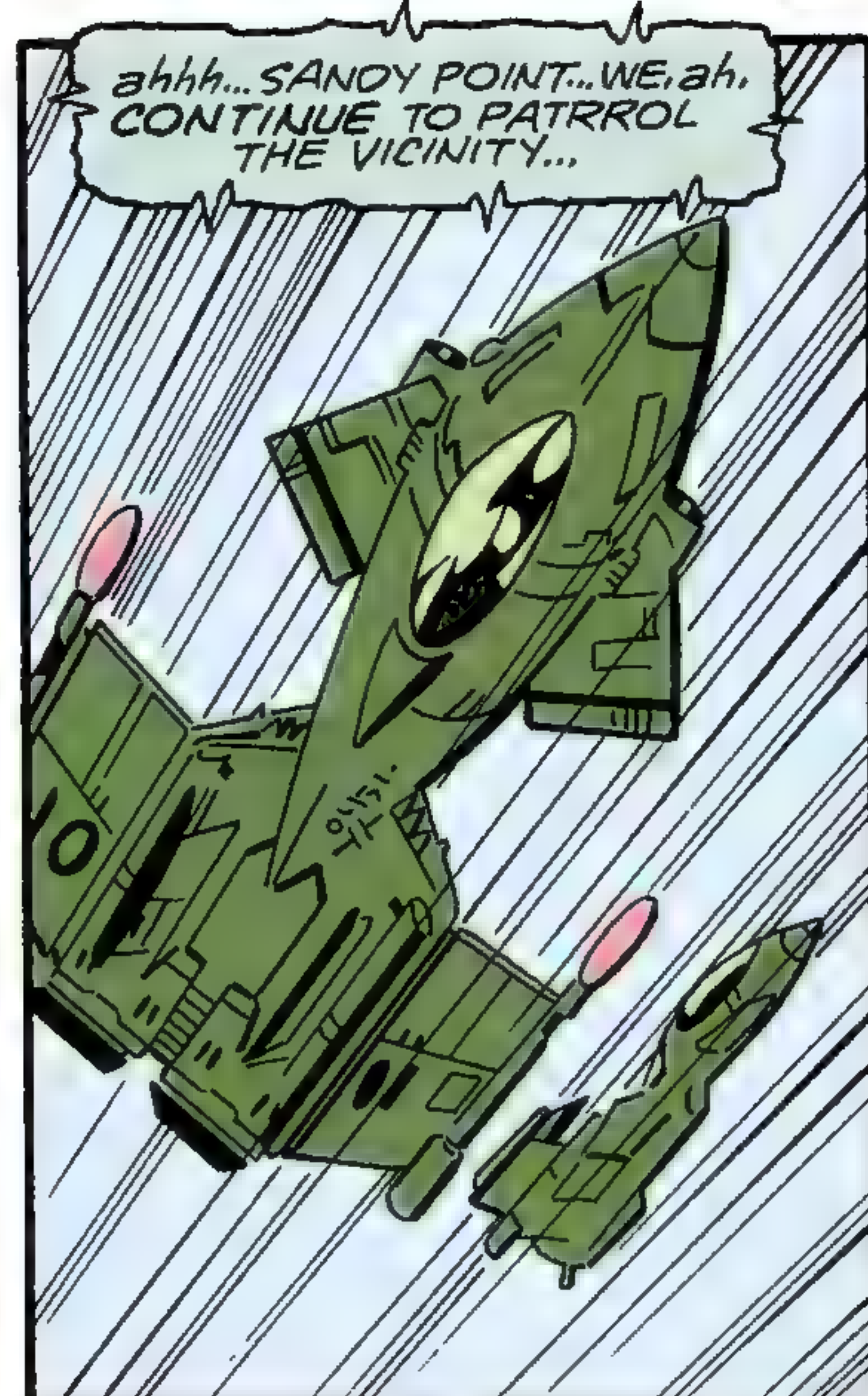
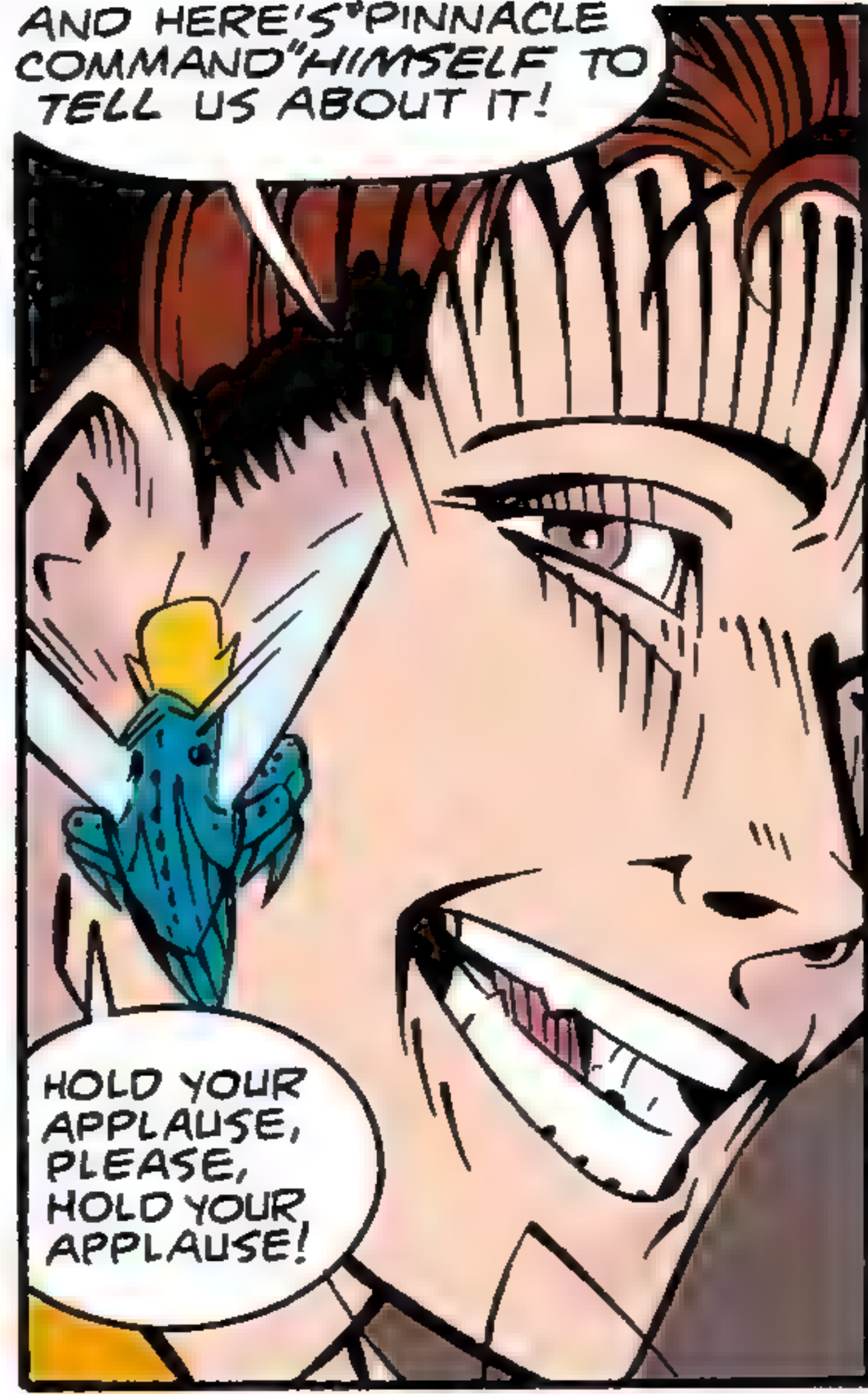
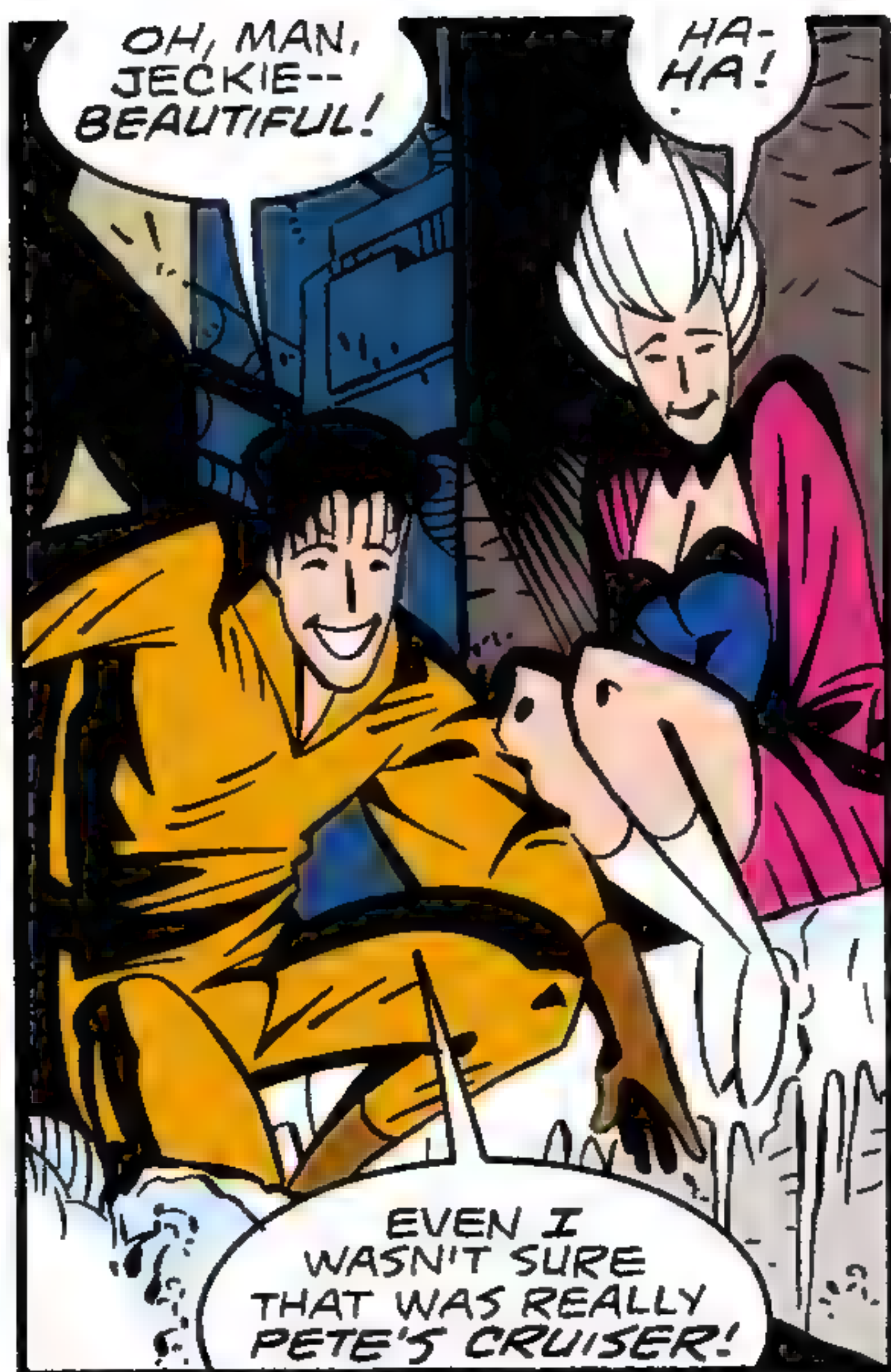
...THESE
ARE THE
RREBELS
WHO'VE
GIVEN US
SUCH FITS...



I HOPE
SSO...!

...THE
RRENEGADES
WHO SO
COLDLY SPILLED
DOMINION BLOOD.







I TELL YOU, STAG, I REALLY WASN'T SURE WE'D EVER SEE YOU AGAIN.



YOUR TEAM DID A GREAT JOB!

CREDIT'SS TO YOU GUYS, MAN, FOR COMING UP WITH THISS PLAN!



HEY, I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW PETE COULD FLY A DOMINION EGGCRATE!

Y'KNOW WHAT? ME NEITHER!



SO YOU'RE THE SUBS?!

WELL... YEAH...

MISTRESS, HAVE YOU GUYS BLOSSOMED-- IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE!



SUCH A WASTE...

BUT... IF WE CANNOT HAVE THE PODS... AT LEAST NEITHER WILL THE DOMINION...



...NEITHER WILL-- WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

Uh, WELL, THE CHAMBERS' SELF-DESTRUCT DEVICE. SET IT TO GO OFF, I DID.



YOU WHAT?!

HOW DO WE DEFUSE IT?! HOW?!



BUT... BUT... TOO LATE IT IS!

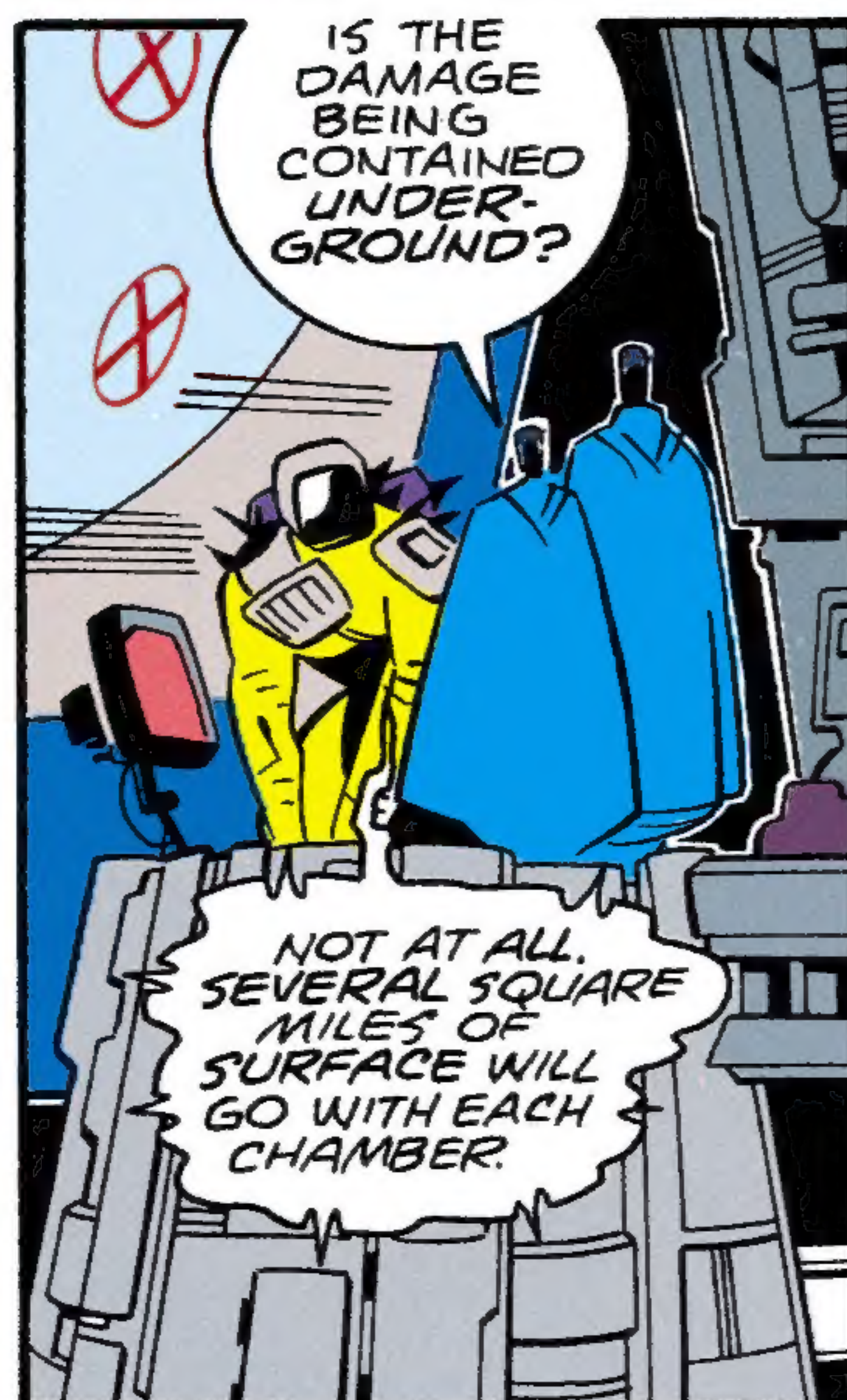
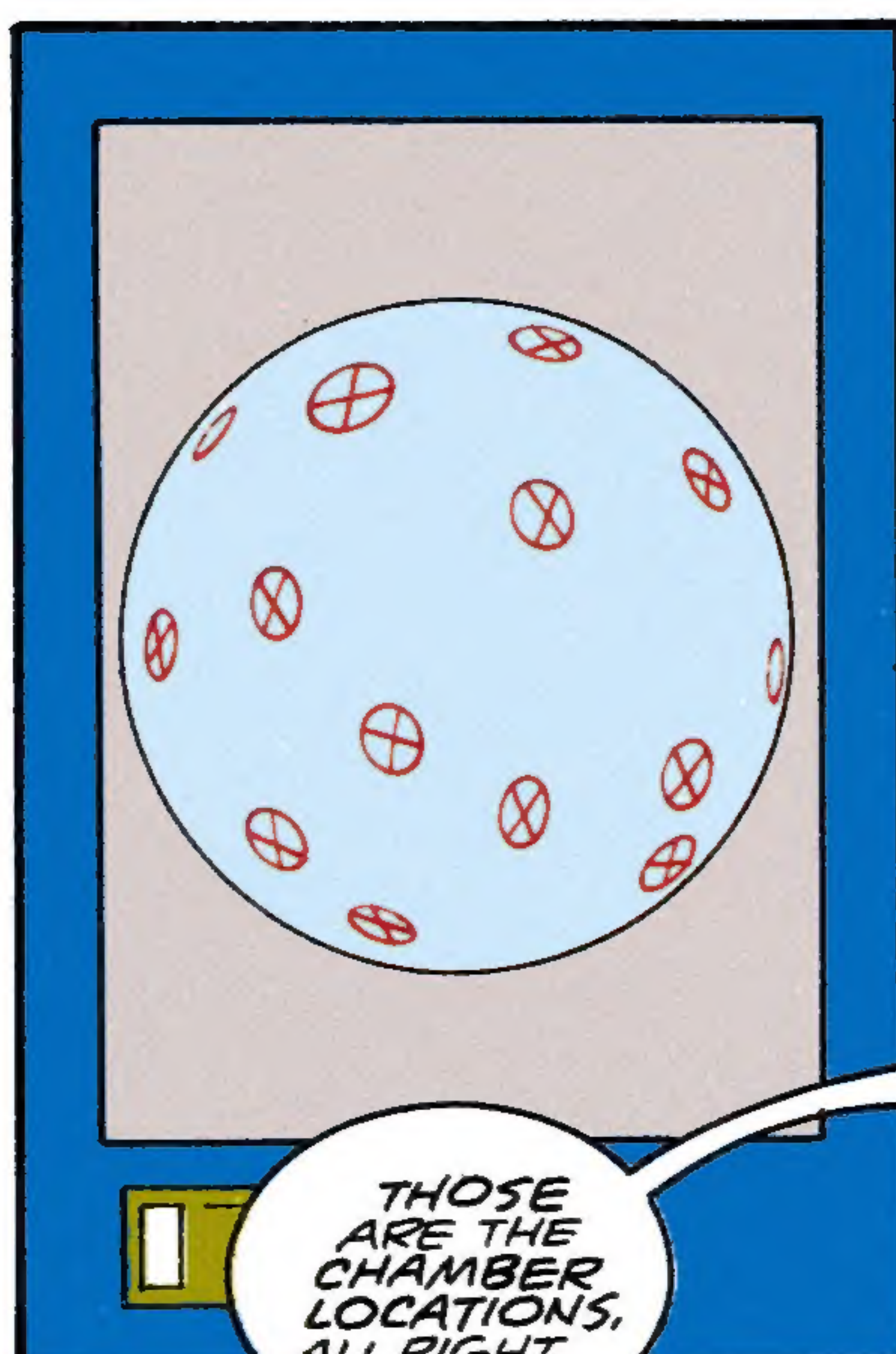
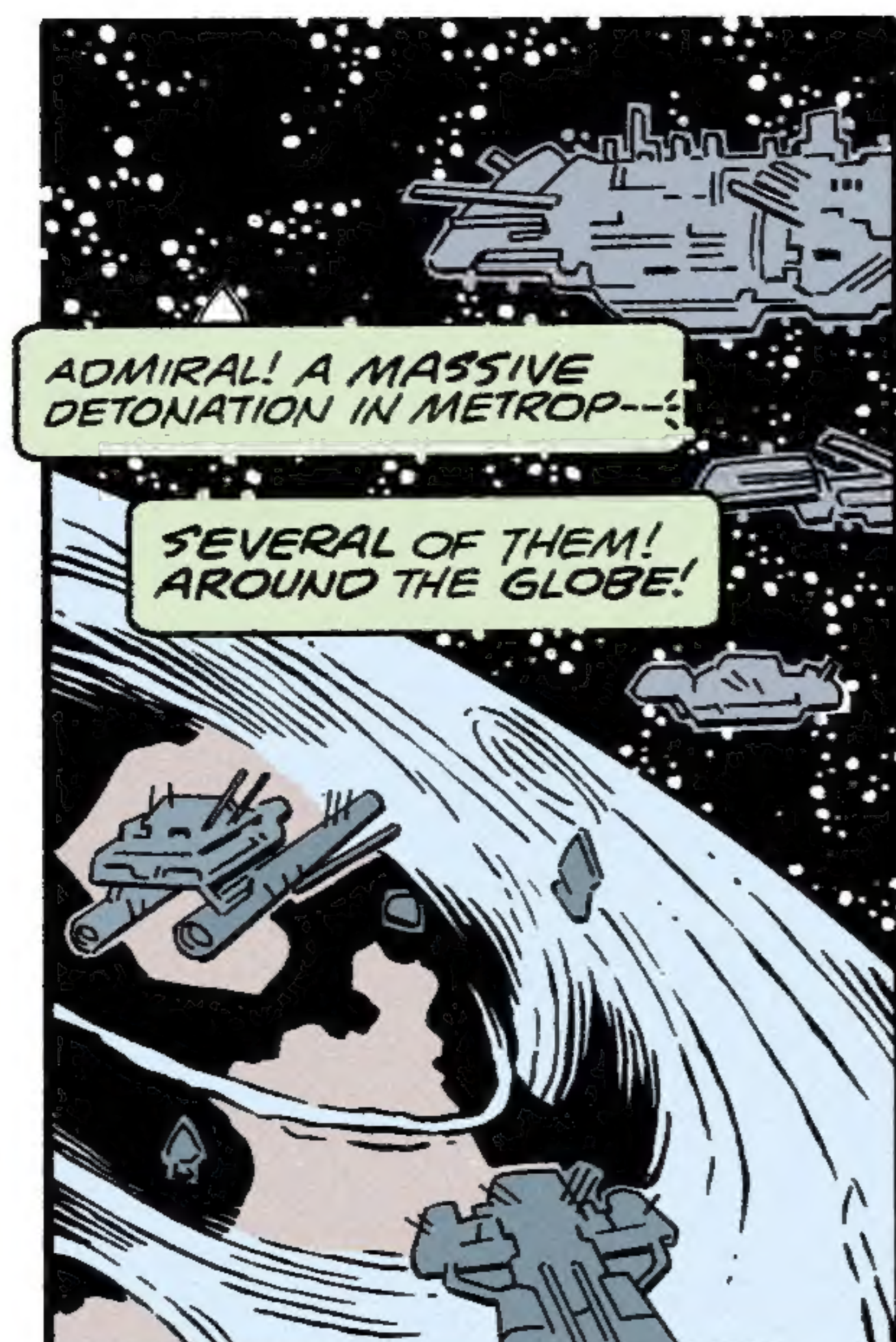
GO OFF ANY SECOND NOW, IT WILL!

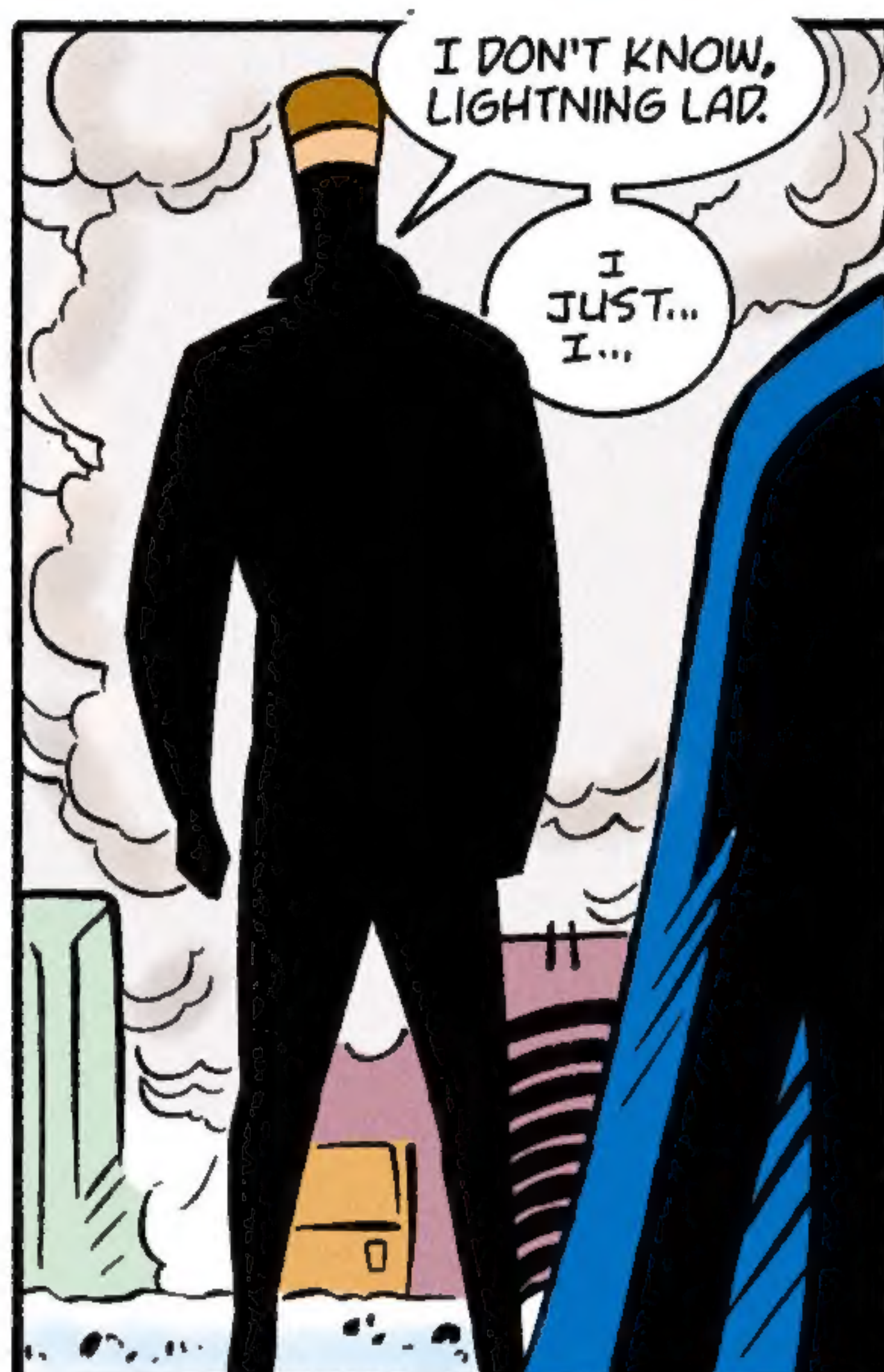
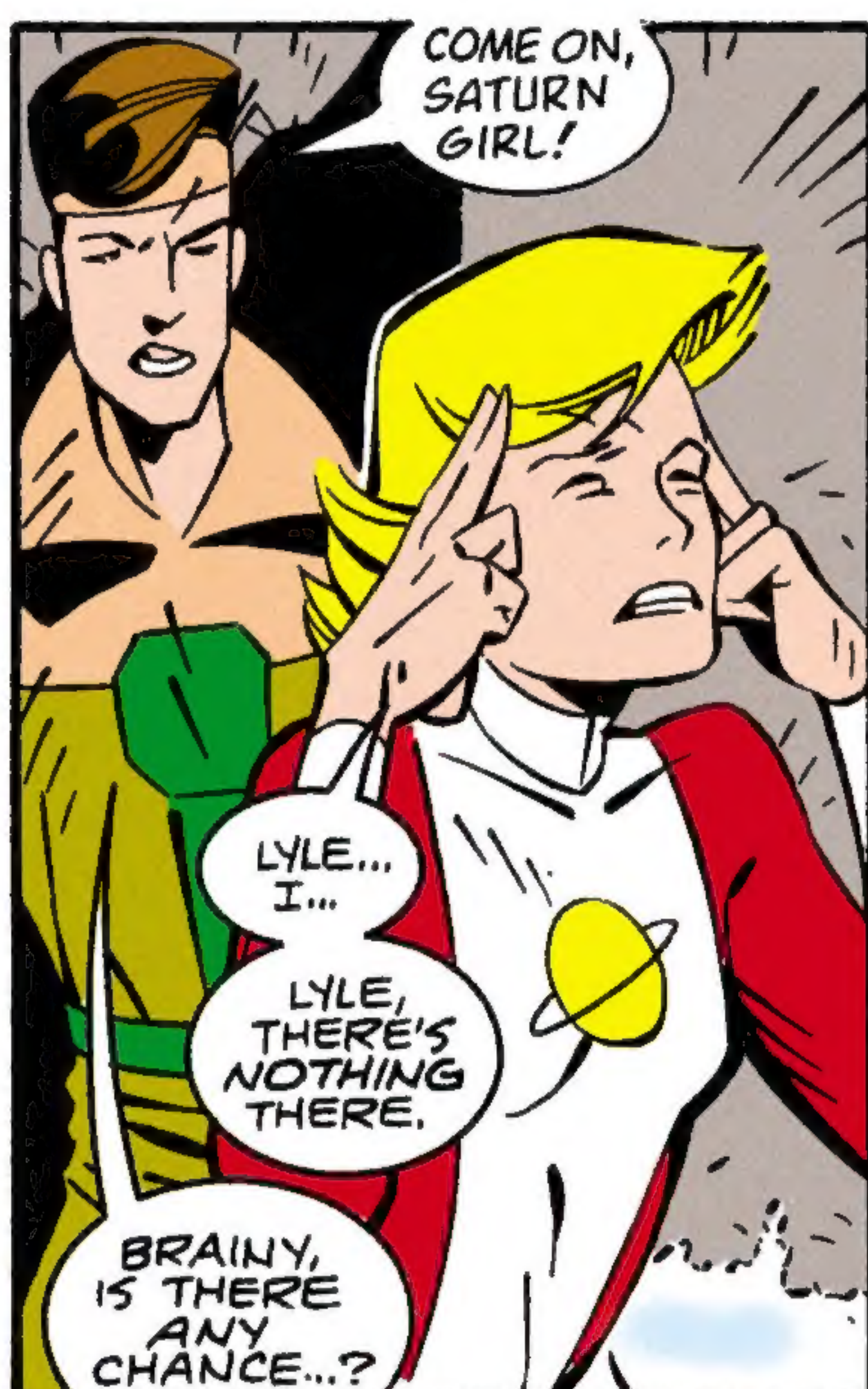
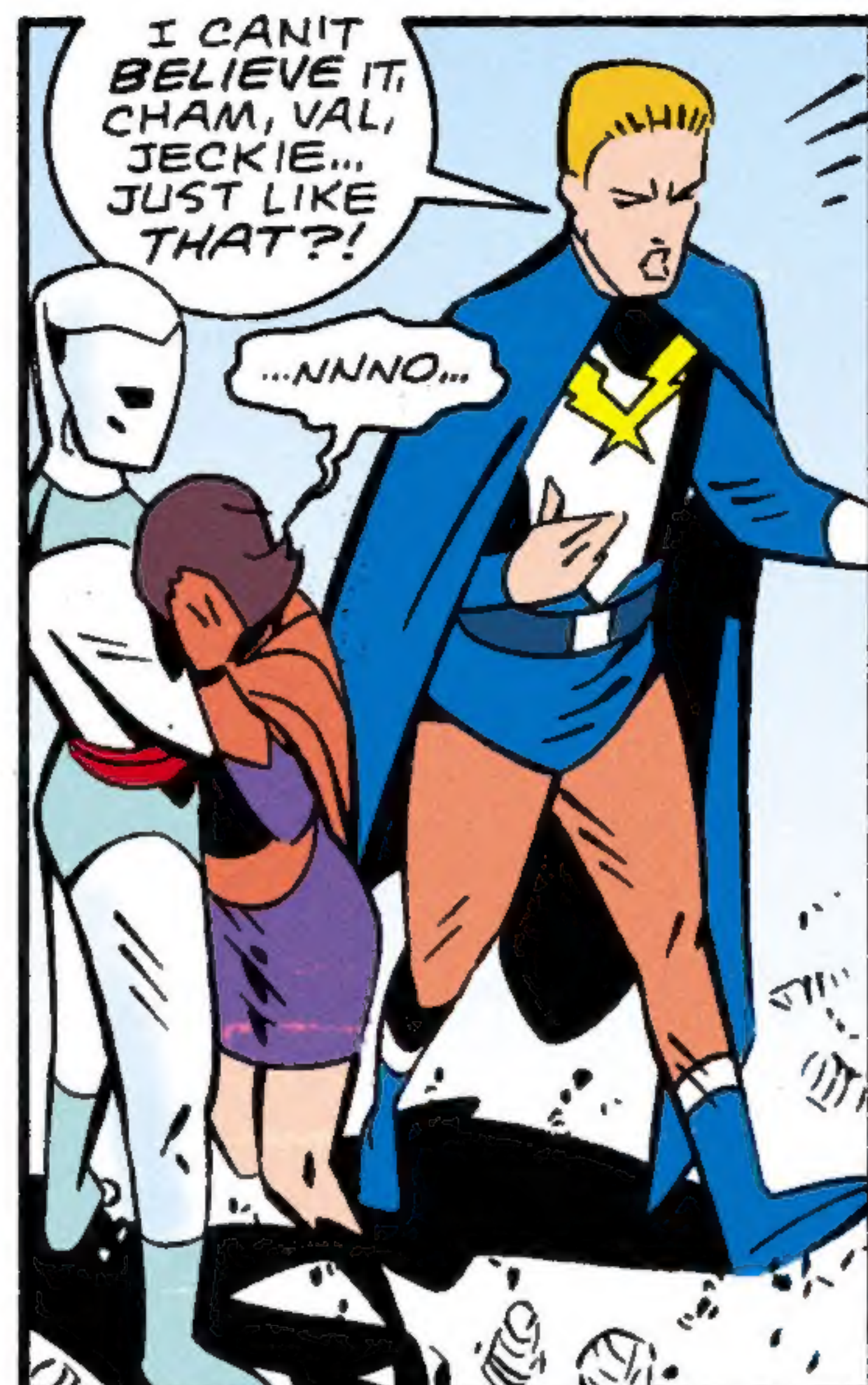
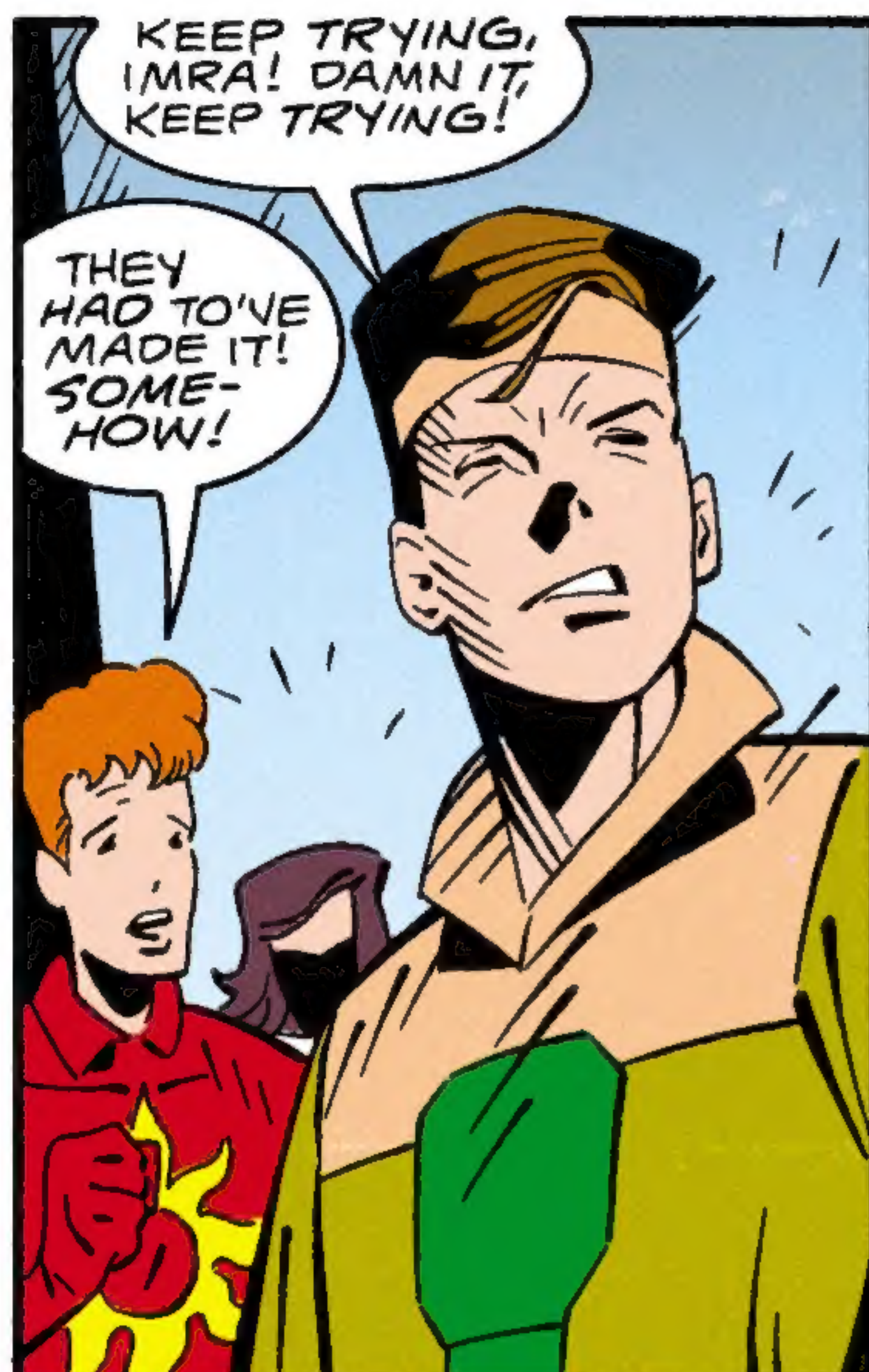


WHAT'SS GOING ON? WHAT'SS HE DONE THISS TIME?!

SET THE CHAMBERS TO GO UP! AND WE CAN'T STOP 'EM!

THOOM





KEITH GIFFEN
PLOT & BREAKDOWNS
TOM & MARY BIERBAUM
DIALOGUE & STORY ASSIST
JASON PEARSON
PENCILS
KARL STORY & AL GORDON
INKS
JOHN WORKMAN
LETTERS
TOM McCRAW
COLORS
MICHAEL EURY
EDITOR

FROM THE DESK OF MARLA LATHAM

CHAIRMAN, CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER, BRANDE INDUSTRIES

PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL.

UNAUTHORIZED ATTEMPTS TO ACCESS WILL DESTROY CONTENTS.



CHAM—

SORRY TO REPORT WE'VE COME UP EMPTY ON ANY SORT OF CONFIRMATION OF THE FOXWORTH REPORT YOU RELAY. BUT, AS YOU KNOW, THIS STILL SOUNDS LIKE THE BEST LEAD WE'VE COME UP WITH IN ALL THESE YEARS. EIGHTY PERCENT OF THE POSSIBLE SIGHTINGS OF R.J. IN THE PAST SIX MONTHS HAVE BEEN IN THAT SECTOR, AND WE NOW HAVE THREE POINTERS SUGGESTING HE'S AT YAL.

OUR EYES HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO TRACE ANY SORT OF LINK BETWEEN YAL AND THE PROTEANS, STILL BELIEVED TO BE KEY FACTORS IN R.J.'S REASONS FOR DISAPPEARING, WHATEVER THEY MIGHT BE.

AND FINALLY, IN CASE YOU NEED IT, HERE'S A REPRINT OF THAT DEPRESSINGLY INADEQUATE SUMMARY OF EVENTS THE EYES HAVE BEEN COLLECTING FOR US:



LATE 1985: CLANDESTINE MEETINGS WITH PROTEANS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEGUN.

FEBRUARY 1986: ALLEGED MCCAULEY IV ATTEMPT TO MURDER BRANDE. ONGOING ESPIONAGE BY MCCAULEY IV AGAINST BRANDE DISCOVERED.

FEBRUARY 1986: BRANDE CLAIMS "BOREDOM," LEAVES BRANDE INDUSTRIES, SUGGESTS HE WILL CHANGE APPEARANCE AND "FIND A WORLD WHERE I CAN HAVE SOME FUN."

JULY 1988: BRANDE SECRETLY MEETS WITH SON REEP DAGGLE, REQUESTS DAGGLE TAKE OVER BRANDE INDUSTRIES. DOES NOT PROVIDE MEANINGFUL INFORMATION ON FUTURE WHEREABOUTS. REQUESTS PRIVACY.

JANUARY 1993: PROTEAN DISCOVERED TAMPERING WITH EARTHGUV-SECURED LEGION RECORDS. PROTEAN ESCAPES. NO DIRECT CONNECTION TO BRANDE ESTABLISHED TO DATE.

MAY 1995: CONTACT BOSTON FOXWORTH RECEIVES INFORMATION THAT BRANDE IS IN TWILIGHT CITY, YAL.

AS ALWAYS, REEP, KEEP IN MIND THAT R.J. HAS CONSCIOUSLY CHOSEN TO MAINTAIN THE SECRECY OF HIS WHEREABOUTS THESE PAST SEVEN YEARS, EVEN FROM US, AND HE CERTAINLY MUST HAVE A COMPELLING REASON TO DO SO. SO I SCARCELY NEED TO REMIND YOU THIS INFORMATION MUST BE KEPT IN THE STRICTEST OF CONFIDENCE AT ALL TIMES.

HOPE ALL IS WELL WITH YOU AND YOUR "KIDS."
BE AT PEACE, MY FRIEND,

Marla

